

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

Vol. 2
JUNE 11, 1920



No. 20
10c. A COPY

\$500 REWARD

For the Capture of Grover Cleveland Bergdoll

THIS offer was made by THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY on May 24, 1920, following the escape of the millionaire draft dodger from the custody of the military authorities. Whether or not Bergdoll is recaptured before this notification is in the hands of the readers of the WEEKLY, this amount, in addition to all other rewards, will be given to the person or persons who shall apprehend or furnish exclusive information leading to the apprehension and delivery to the proper authorities of this fugitive. The amount will be paid upon receipt of information from the Adjutant General of the Army of the delivery of the fugitive into the custody of the proper military authorities and the name of the person or persons entitled to the reward.

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY made this offer because it believes it imperative for the good of this country that every man who was a military slacker during the war be punished. In announcing the reward it was stated:

It is not the intention of THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY to attempt to spur members of The American Legion or others to attempt to usurp the functions of the regularly constituted authorities, civil or military, but to assist them in their quest for this escaped military prisoner. We feel the traditional reward of \$50 which the Government offers for the capture of such fugitives is altogether inadequate in this case, and merely desire, in the interest of law and order and fairness to the millions who bore their share of the war uncomplainingly, to see that Bergdoll bears his share, which by his own choice of conduct is the ignominy of a prison term.

(Photographs and a description of Bergdoll are printed on page 7.)

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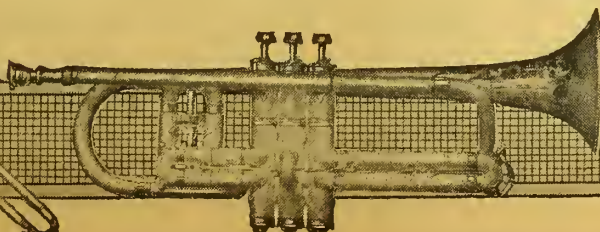
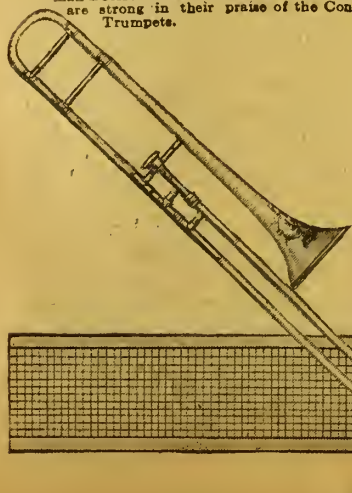
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Practical Americanism

How Can the Legion Redeem in Terms of Actual Accomplishment
Its Pledge to Make This a Better Country to Live In?

By Arthur Woods

WHEN a Missouri post of The American Legion helped obtain a new high school building for its town, it gave a practical demonstration of the kind of Americanism which The American Legion is pledged to promote.

This Post showed that Americanism is only another name for good citizenship—and that good citizenship is a quality which expresses itself in action. This Post not only won the respect of its community, but gained strength for itself by making each Legionnaire realize the possibilities of collective effort in trying for public betterments.

The providing of a new high school building is an example of the practical Americanism which is being demonstrated in various ways by many of the 9,000 posts of the Legion. These posts are now doing things, each according to the needs of the community in which it exists. They realize that good intentions alone do not make The American Legion a positive force, and they know that as a debating society or as a mere social organization the Legion cannot hold the interest of vigorous men.

Inasmuch as each post is carrying on under circumstances peculiar to its

Chairman of the Americanism Commission
of The American Legion

own community, there are hardly any rules which can apply to the activities of all. There can be no dogmas—no specifications of Americanism—which 9,000 posts can follow without modification. But each post will benefit by the experience of others. When one post gains ground—finds out by experience ways in which it can work for its community—the other posts can move up into line with it.

There are many activities which posts are engaged in that cannot be classed strictly as definite efforts toward promoting Americanism yet which are wholesome and have the excellent effect of providing exercise, so to speak, for the posts, thereby strengthening them and fitting them to engage in more important work.

When the question arises, however, of taking up some line of work which shall definitely serve to redeem the pledge of the Legion to stand militantly and intelligently for Americanism, there has been a good deal of doubt as to just what could be done and a good deal of confusion of thought as to just what should be done.

The Americanism Commission be-

lieves that a step forward toward redeeming this pledge is taken by every post which takes up earnestly any form of work that tends to help the community. There has been in some places in the past the mistaken idea that the only way to assert one's Americanism was to crack some Reds on the head. Now, it cannot be denied that there have been, and are, individuals in this country whose heads will bear a good deal of cracking, but the supply is not large enough to go around so that every post shall have one or two, and this sort of work is eminently an official Government affair where the intervention of civilians is of doubtful value unless it strictly takes the form of working in subordination to Government officials.

America needs greatly much unselfish effort on the part of her sons along less conspicuous and less exciting lines. And if the work along such lines is done with the devotion, the intelligence, and the vigor which members of the Legion possess, the need for the physical suppression of revolutionists will fade away.

Public education is one of the absolutely essential pillars of our form of government. Where every adult has the vote it is vital that all should have

such education as shall enable them to comprehend the rights and wrongs, the whys and wherefores of the questions that come before the electorate.

There is inevitably in public life a lot of humbug, and there are a lot of false prophets, a lot of noisy demagogues who are serving simply their own purposes. There are complicated social and economic questions which have to be decided by voters; these will be decided right if the voters, all of them, have minds cultivated so that they can grasp the inwardness of these questions and can size up the soundness of organizations and candidates.

During the last few years public education has suffered severely. The tremendous amount of illiteracy among the men drafted into the national service showed this. The worst feature is that there does not seem to be in operation yet any plan of action which shall overcome this calamitous situation. The schools, instead of being better off as a result of the war and as a result of the realization that they have not been doing all that was expected of them, are worse off.

The principal reasons for this seem to be two: teachers are not being well prepared for their profession, and the pay of teachers is not high enough to attract men and women of the quality needed for this most important work.

Thousands of teachers are now engaged in educating our children who have not had a normal school education. Thousands more have not even had a high school education. Children are not given a fair chance if they are brought up under this sort of instruction, for it takes a skillful and trained instructor to give to a young mind the training it needs to make it think straight.

The greatest value of education is not in the knowledge it imparts; it is in the training of the mind so that the boy or girl on leaving school will be able to see things clearly, to think out questions cleanly, to know the right from the wrong, the sound from the unsound, to see unerringly just where righteousness lies.

It is a great national need, therefore, the urgency of which cannot be overstated, to provide such pay for teachers as shall attract capable persons to the work, and to insist that they have adequate training. It may be necessary to give part pay during the training period; cadets at West Point are paid during training, and in many factories today unskilled workers are taken in and paid regular wages while being taught to do the work they are going to be assigned to.

Here is a field full of opportunity for members of the Legion to work. Public education is and should be a local matter, and each post can exert a powerful influence in its own community. Posts should work in the closest cooperation with other persons and organizations in their communities to this end. It is always better to work with others than to try to go it alone; the experience in the service should have showed this to all of us.

Members of the Legion are young men. They are long in enthusiasm, in power of accomplishment, in loyalty to the right sort of things. But they may be short in experience and in information as to the working of many practical affairs. A combination of their enthusiasm with the wisdom of older men and women in the community

would bring about a force which could accomplish about anything it set itself to do.

Each community will have to work out this thing in its own good way, but probably it would be best as a first step for posts to gather information before they try to do much of anything else. They can do this by talking with school children, to school teachers, to parents of pupils, to members of school boards,



to public-spirited citizens. The process of gathering information in these ways will undoubtedly suggest effective methods of procedure.

WE have heard much talk, largely in the form of unfavorable comment, about aliens, and some good people come to the comfortable conclusion that most of our troubles are due to foreigners and would disappear if we could send the foreigner home or if we could "Americanize" him by forcing him to learn English, by forbidding him to use his own language, by requiring him to learn the Constitution by heart, and by sagely instructing him in American history.

Men who were in the service don't need to be told what sort of comrade and fighter the foreigner made. Thousands of men in the American ranks could not speak English, but they accepted the call to arms without a murmur. They underwent training cheerfully, finished up their training, and went into battle with courage and without counting the cost. These men stood the acid test: they were ready to give their lives, and many of them did so.

Why was this? What unseen force was it that animated these men to live strenuous, wearing months and to dare death with a smile? It wasn't knowledge of our institutions or our language.

Was it perhaps that they were inspired by the comradeship of their association with Americans, serving with them shoulder to shoulder, bunking with them, marching along painful marches with them, attacking with them, standing steady under fire with them, daring anything with them? This developed a fellowship, a mutual trust, which made one man not merely ready to help another at the risk of his life, but made him ready to fight for the things that the other man thought precious, even if he himself did

not clearly understand what it was all about.

It is well to teach foreigners English. It will help them enormously, and the opportunity to learn our language will be much appreciated by them. It is well also to help them to understand the facts about our form of Government and our national ideals, so that they shall see us as we are and not as we are misrepresented by unscrupulous, self-seeking, destructive preachers of violence.

But this is far from being the vital spark necessary to kindle in foreigners a flame of devotion to our country. What is needed is the same feeling of fellowship that they found in the service. The foreigner has no desire—and none of us would have in his place—to be a machine-made American. The form can never satisfy him; it is the substance that he must have. He wants to feel a friendly welcome, he wants to believe that he is wanted here, that he will have a fair chance. He does not ask charity or favors. He asks a welcome and friendship, and he is prepared to give friendship in return.

There is no organization in the country that can approach The American Legion in its ability to furnish friendship to our guests from foreign lands. Many members of the Legion were immigrants themselves. All of us are foreigners if you go back a few generations.

There are men in the Legion who can speak all the foreign languages, who understand the difficulties that the newly arrived is going through, because it is only a short time since many of them had to tackle these difficulties themselves.

They can help the newly arrived American without patronizing him. They can show him by their own experience what to avoid and what to cleave to. They can develop in him by befriending him a spirit of loyalty to the country and of devotion to its real ideals.

Although there are perhaps no foreigners in the localities covered by some posts, this is the exception. Members of most posts will find plenty of newcomers in the country if they will only look for them.

This is a man-to-man affair. It is the clasp of the hand that counts, and it is the continuing friendship that will make a foreigner into an American. Members of posts should seek out foreigners in a friendly, natural way, should make their acquaintance, and then see what they can do to help them, as one man would help another.

One good way to get in touch with them would be to get lists of names and addresses from large factories or other places where numbers of men are employed. Members of The Legion Auxiliary have here a splendid field for work among women immigrants; and even school children, the sons and daughters of Americans, can be taught to be friendly with children of foreigners.

A square deal for the children—by giving them a good education; and a square deal for the foreigner—by giving him a friendly, helpful welcome. If the Legion throughout the country can make its great enthusiastic power felt in these two ways our country will realize that its army is still fighting for it.



(c) International

The arch slacker as he appeared at the trial. On the day of his escape he still wore a mustache

WHAT BERGDOLL LOOKS LIKE

The Adjutant General of the Army has made public the following description of Bergdoll:

Age, 28; height, five feet, four inches; weight, 175 pounds; heavy build; broad, square shoulders; dark brown hair, brushed back from forehead; dark brown eyes; good teeth, but stained from tobacco; scar on neck and throat; is a member of a wealthy Philadelphia family and has traveled extensively. Constantly on move and probably accompanied by a male companion. Expert automobile driver and traveler, and delights in exploiting his ability. Flashy and dramatic. Liberal spender and well supplied with money. When last seen was in a Hudson super-six automobile, Pennsylvania license number 85478, accompanied by chauffeur.



(c) International

Grover Cleveland Bergdoll at the time of his arrest in Philadelphia on a charge of evading the draft

A New Act in the Bergdoll Farce

What Will the Investigation Into the Escape of America's Arch Draft Dodger Disclose?

By Frederic L. Walters

THERE are hundreds of military prisoners in the United States today serving out their terms for every kind of offense from insubordination to cowardice and treason; thousands more are to be imprisoned soon for evading the selective service law; but the arch draft dodger of them all, Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, the millionaire slacker of Philadelphia, is once more, at least at the present writing, enjoying his liberty.

It matters little whether Bergdoll is recaptured before this appears in print. The main point is that by an extraordinary lapse of military stringency Bergdoll, of all men, got a golden opportunity to escape, of which he very naturally took advantage.

It took the Federal officials two years to capture Bergdoll after he had openly flouted the Government and declared he would not fight. He was arrested January 7, 1920, and subsequently sentenced to five years in the United States Disciplinary Barracks, Fort Jay, Governors Island. After serving little more than three months of this sentence he was paroled for three days in the custody of two guards and, without handcuffs, made the trip to his home in Philadelphia. There, at the first opportunity, he gave his guards the slip and escaped in his own automobile.

When the military authorities were informed of Bergdoll's escape—many hours later, by the way—a statement was issued that Bergdoll had been given permission to leave his confinement "on a secret mission that it would not be in the interests of the military service to disclose."

No one could quarrel with the accuracy of that statement. Nothing could be further from "the interests of the military service" than public knowledge of the real nature of that "secret mission." The Army officers

guarded the secret well. It remained for Secretary Baker to disclose that Bergdoll had been released to search for \$150,000 which the latter said he had buried in the hills of Maryland while he was keeping out of war and which, of course, only he could find.

And so this scapegrace of twenty-six whispered a tale of buried treasure into the ears of Army officials, and prison doors gave way. A journey to Philadelphia in a parlor car, minus any ignominious handcuffs, a pleasant automobile tour through the Philadelphia suburbs in the afternoon, an eve-

ning at a burlesque show, a good night's rest, and the following day, wearied of the confinement of prison life, he entered his automobile and sped away!

It was no less a personage than Adjutant General Peter C. Harris who issued the order for Bergdoll's release and, after all, it was granted on Bergdoll's unsupported word, through the representations of his attorney. At the news of his escape officials were deeply grieved, painfully shocked. Why, he had pledged his word not to escape! His own mother could scarcely

BERGDOLL'S CAREER

Grover Cleveland Bergdoll is the son of a German-born brewer of Philadelphia who died leaving a fortune. In 1914 he offered his services to Germany as an aviator through the German consul in Philadelphia. When the United States declared war he announced he would never fight against Germany.

Although he registered under the draft act Bergdoll failed to report for examination on August 8, 1918. His brother, Erwin, followed the same course and is still at large. For more than two years, Grover C. toured the country in his automobile, narrowly escaping capture several times.

On January 7, 1920, Bergdoll was captured in his home after his mother attempted to resist the officers with a loaded revolver. He was tried by court martial on charges of desertion and violation of the 58th Article of War and sentenced to five years' hard labor in Castle William, Governors Island.

On May 20 Bergdoll left his prison in company with two guards under three days' parole granted by the Adjutant General to search for \$150,000 in gold which he said he had buried in the hills near Washington. He remained over night at his home in Philadelphia, sleeping with one of his guards. The following afternoon, May 21, he managed to slip out of the house unobserved, on the pretext of answering a telephone in another room, entered an automobile which his chauffeur had waiting and was driven away.

As this is written Bergdoll is still at large and, so far as known, government agents and others participating in the search for him, have no tangible clue as to his whereabouts. One vague rumor had him headed west by automobile, another had him sailing down the Atlantic coast in a small yacht. The police are keeping a sharp watch of all outgoing steamers and it is believed that if he plans to leave the country he will attempt to make his escape over either the Canadian or Mexican borders.

have placed more faith in Bergdoll's honor than did the Government. The word of a draft dodger! The honor of a man who had shown himself to be without honor!

There are a number of other draft dodgers serving out sentences on Governors Island. No doubt they would all gladly spin a yarn of buried treasure if they thought it promised freedom. But does anyone for a moment believe they could get away with it?

It appears that Bergdoll had no permission to visit his home; in fact, he was not supposed to stop longer in Philadelphia than necessary to change from train to automobile. But one of his attorneys met the party at the station and informed them it would be necessary to wait while Bergdoll's automobile underwent repairs. And in the evening it appeared the exigencies of the treasure hunt demanded a visit to a burlesque show. The next afternoon, as a friend of the family tells it, Bergdoll had the whole party in the drawing-room laughing over his recitations of Shakespeare, for Bergdoll, it seems, is a humorous fellow. Then he rose, still laughing, to answer a telephone ring and never came back. No doubt he is laughing yet.

The two guards who accompanied Bergdoll held the rank of sergeant. One had had nineteen years' service in the Army and the other seventeen. A great clamor has been raised over

these unfortunates, no doubt in the hope of drowning out questions aimed elsewhere, and the much advertised "investigation" promised by the authorities probably will center around them.

But no man who has been in the service will think of attaching much blame to the guards. They had their instructions concerning handcuffs.

Bergdoll has had a good time since the United States went to war. While two million of his young fellow countrymen were plodding across the roads of France, sore of foot and weary of back, or sleeping in the mud, lice bitten and hungry, facing death for the sake of him and his kind, while nearly two million more were undergoing the grind of preparation in the home cantonments, Bergdoll was touring the country with plenty of money to buy good food and filling in his spare moments by writing jeering postcards to the Federal officials who were seeking him.

It took a two-year hunt and the unwinding of much legal red tape to place this slacker behind the bars. But there was short shrift for many a doughboy who, heartsick of desolation and privation, sought to extend the joyous three days of his allotted leave in Paris by so much as a single day. For this he was haled off to a prison camp presided over by such pleasant personalities as Hard-Boiled Smith, to be

cursed at, beaten and kicked and subjected to a hundred petty humiliations. Bergdoll had two years' leave, and so far he had paid for it less dearly than those men paid for their single day.

There has been nothing hard-boiled about the treatment of Bergdoll. All the tales of harsh usage of other prisoners are discredited by the Army's gentle courtesy toward this millionaire draft dodger. With half a dozen high-priced attorneys guarding his interests with hawk-like vigilance, what a howl would be raised if even his hair were mussed! Money has been spent like water to set him free, and up to the very hour of his escape his lawyers sought to save him on a legal technicality from the punishment he so richly deserves.

There were hundreds of men in America who would have given all they possessed for the chance that Bergdoll spurned, the simple chance to serve their country well.

There were hundreds of liars in the American Army, boys of seventeen who swore they were nineteen and gray-haired men near fifty who swore to more tender years in order that they might enlist. They committed perjury to get into the Army, and then perjured themselves again to get quickly to France and the front.

Sublime lies these boys and men told, but Bergdoll told the shameful truth—he didn't want to fight.

What It Means to Be a War Orphan

HERE are two typical cases from among the more than 3,000 French war orphans who are offered to posts of The American Legion for adoption:

Before the war Florence Menez lived in Lille, the great manufacturing city of Northern France, with her father,



Florence Menez

mother and little brother—a happy, prosperous family. The war came, the Germans invaded Lille, the father was separated from his wife and children. In 1916, unable to stand the strain longer, Mme. Menez committed suicide.

It was not until his return to Lille late in 1918, following the German evacuation, that Menez learned of his wife's death. In two days he lay dying of influenza. Following his death, the two children went to live with their grandfather, who earns six francs a day. Florence is now ten years old. She was adopted under the A. E. F. plan by an infantry major, who contributed 500 francs to support her for one year. The major is home now with the rest of the A. E. F. What Legion post will take up the beneficent work he started?

Fernand Sonnet, nine years old, is a refugee from the Marne region. His father, a farm hand, was killed in action. Fernand's mother is struggling to support her three young children. Fernand himself was originally adopted by Company E, 312th Engineers, Eighty-seventh Division. What post along the stretches of the lower Mississippi wants to help a former Acorn booster?

Posts of the Legion, or individual members or friends, may adopt a French war orphan for at least one year, contributing seventy-five dollars for the first year's support. The mascots assigned will be either orphans or the children of permanently disabled French veterans.

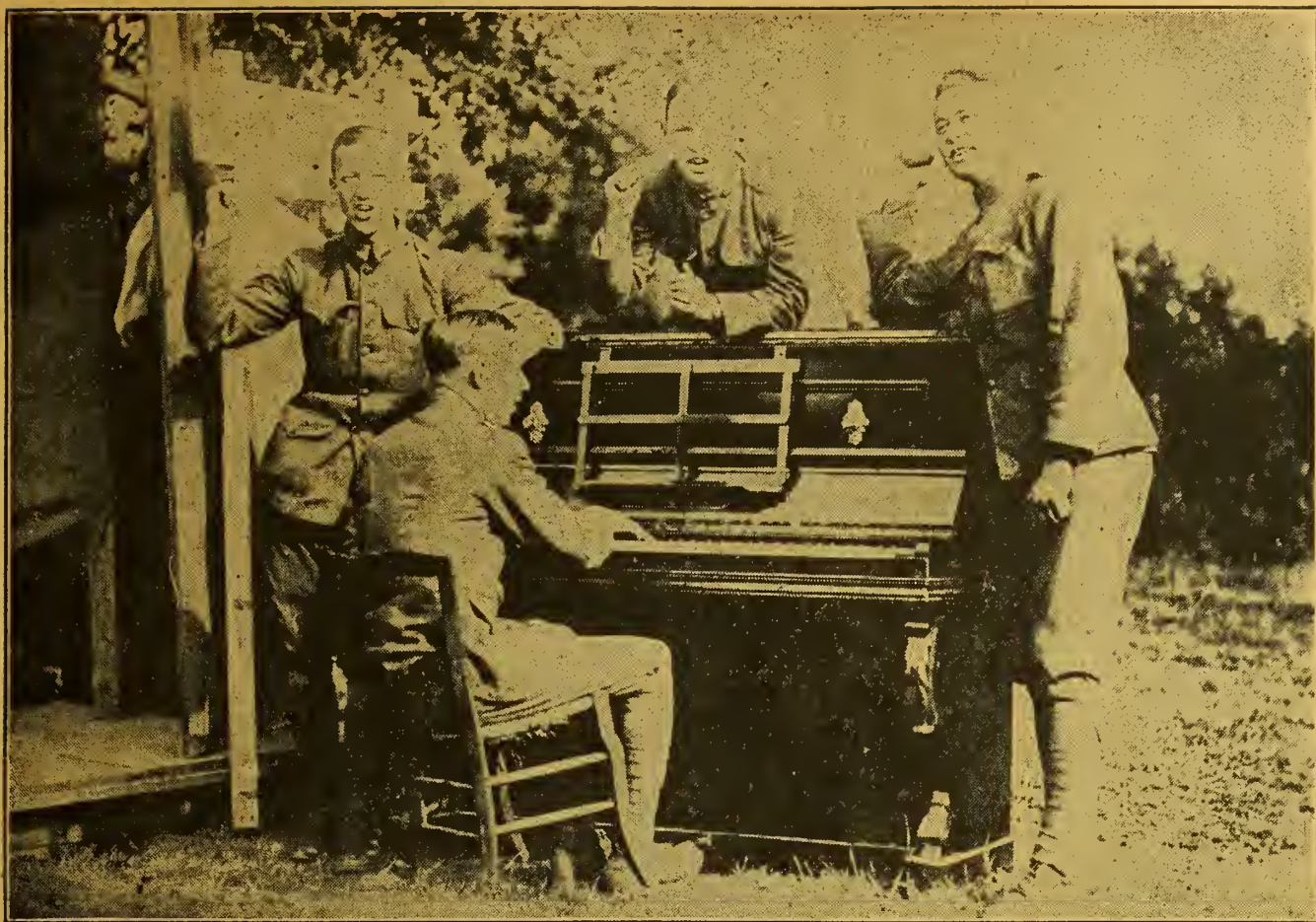
The money should be sent to the French Orphan Fund, National Treasurer, American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind. It will then be turned over to the American Red Cross, which will assign the children and supervise the expenditure of the money.

A specific child will be assigned to each adopting post or individual and a photograph of each mascot will be forwarded to the adopter, who thereafter may keep in touch with the ward either by direct correspondence or through the Red Cross, which will translate letters when desired.

All of the money contributed will go to the child. The Red Cross bears all expenses of administration.



Fernand Sonnet



Broadway Quartette, Twenty-seventh Division; Left to Right: Bert Hamilton, Bill Whitmann, Hal Unger, Jack Johannes. Oudozeele, Belgium, August 4, 1918. Signal Corps Photo No. 18825.

Yankee Yesterdays *By Hudson Hawley*

I. "SWIPE, SOLDIER, SWIPE"

Oh, a gay quartette is the one best bet, parley-voo,
If its throats are lined with the proper wet, parley-voo,
It can jazz away corns from inside your shoes
And keep you from gettin' them hikin' blues,
Hinkey-dinkey, parley-voo!

Oh, it beats the bugler for harmony, parley-voo,
And takes the sting from his rev-ell-ee, parley-voo,
It tones down the top till he's meek as a lamb
And hands around passes, not givin' a damn,
Hinkey-dinkey, parley-voo!

It takes the curse from the beans and slum, parley-voo,
It strikes the skipper and loeys dumb, parley-voo,
If the chow wagon's stuck on the road, who'll care
So long as the tenor and bass are there?
Hinkey-dinkey, parley-voo!

If I was awardin' the D. S. M., parley-voo,
I'd pin that old turnip on each of them, parley-voo,
Whose barbershop swipes put an end to care,
And I'd add as a bonus the Croix de Guerre,
Hinkey-dinkey, parley-voo!

Never Touch a Dud

A Dead One Goes to War and Returns Full of T. N. T.
and a Dislike for Inaction

By Robert J. Casey

NOT all the change of personality noticeable in the late wearers of the red chevron may be traced to military training. All the "Squads right," "Right shoulder arms" and "Double sections, left oblique," in the combined drill manuals of the Allied Armies couldn't shake the pure human cussedness out of some men, any more than two groomings a day will change the disposition of a temperamental mule.

And yet. . . . There is the case of Sam Latzky.

Sam was the architect's model for
JUNE 11, 1920

the original incubus. He was good natured—he was too lazy to be anything else—and probably he had the germs of intelligence between his impenetrable ears. But of the latter possibility he had never given any demonstration when he went to the *Daily Record* as a copy boy. In his wake lay a trail of lost jobs and managers with nervous prostration. Sam was nothing if not a trial.

He stayed with the *Record* for the

principal reason that no one could be found to take his place. The *Record* was not an enormous success in its field and the salaries of its copy boys were not so high that they menaced the attendance in the public schools. Sam's character was something of a factor in the case. It was a matter of convenience with him to keep a job until he was fired. It saved the trouble of looking for a new one.

He developed an uncanny knack of sleeping in any posture at any place under any conditions. He was slightly deaf in one ear, and for professional

purposes he capitalized his infirmity. When occasion demanded he became so impervious to sound waves that a cannon wouldn't have disturbed him.

His facility for mixing up his orders was developed to a remarkable degree. Copy sent to the printer invariably got to the publisher and the publisher's mail was certain to be delivered to the advertising manager. Sam was consistent, too. He was late for work every day of his journalistic career.

THERE was one break in his connection with the *Record*. An influential relative who probably had not seen young Latzky since babyhood took him away from Market Street and dropped him down into a Delaware powder town as foreman of a nitroglycerine plant. There was a picturesque humor about his sudden rise to affluence and position in a dynamite factory that appealed to his former acquaintances on the *Record* staff and made them feel glad that they didn't live anywhere near Delaware.

One of his duties in the dynamite works was to watch the temperature of glycerine tanks where the acid bath was putting the pep into the mixture. Five degrees over the stated limits, Sam was informed, would prove sufficient to lift the nitro works and most of the State of Delaware off the map. Sam listened with his bad ear and promptly went to sleep.

The thermometer had crawled up to within one degree of eternity when an inspector happened along and relieved Sam of further duty with the company.

He went back to the *Record* and pursued a less exciting but more stable existence in the local room until a street corner recruiting agent nabbed him one day and started him toward France. Patriotism may have had something to do with Sam's enlistment, but there is a strong possibility that he enlisted because it seemed the easiest way to get rid of the recruiting agent.

He found the Army a wonderful place where all his thinking was done for him by somebody else. A few turns at k.p. improved his hearing so that he could get the text of simple orders. After that his progress was marked. On the Russian and German theories that an ideal soldier is a machine, he became an ideal soldier. He did just what he was told to do—after he had been told two or three times—and displayed no interest in the reason for anything.

THEN he was absorbed into a unit of the Third Division and went to France. His military record in the A. E. F. does not seem to have upset any of the traditions of his training. He threw away most of his equipment at the earliest opportunity, submitting to the discomfort of sleeping in mud-holes with the protection of a single blanket rather than carry the back-breaking load of a full pack. His mess kit, his rifle and his blanket he kept because they seemed to be the essential tools of warfare.

At Chateau Thierry something happened to him. He collected three rifle bullets in his legs. A shrapnel pellet penetrated his tin hat and creased his scalp, and a whizz-bang put him out of action. They cited him for that—might have recommended him for the D. S. C. if anybody had had time to think about medals then. He was sent back to a base hospital near Paris,

where the surgeons worked over him with pliers and magnets to get the ballast out of him. When he went home on a hospital ship he was marked "Handle with Care."

He was restless during his stay in the hospital, but the attending surgeons read no augury in that. Five wounds and a touch of gas are enough to create unrest in almost anyone. The effect of a shrapnel ball upon personality and business success has never been properly studied in most of our hospitals.

Sam got out of the hospital on Tuesday. On Wednesday he was in the *Record* office—a fashion plate in sixty dollars' worth of civilian equipment—demanding a job.

"You're pretty old to be a copy boy now," suggested the city editor, who saw in Sam only the slothful nuisance who had done the paper a favor by going to France.

"You don't get me," put in Sam peevishly. "I'm askin' for a job—not a joke. Don't kid me."

The city editor looked up in astonishment.

In four years of acquaintance with Sam, the city editor had never heard him speak that many words in one piece.

"Well," he said, turning about in his chair and examining the applicant critically. "What would you like to do?"

"Now you're talking," observed Sam. "I want to work in the sporting department. They need somebody in there to make up the box scores from the telegraph reports and to figure batting averages and that sort of thing. That will take up about two hours each afternoon. . . . I couldn't give you more time than that. I expect to be busy with some other things, too."

THE old timers in the office got their first thrill out of Sam's reemployment when he reported for work at two o'clock the next afternoon—on time. They received their second when the sporting editor—a careful soul who had known Sam in the old days before the war—checked up on the box scores and averages and pronounced them correct.

Sam did not wait to talk with them about it when the afternoon's work was done. He grabbed his hat and coat and was out of the office like a fire horse answering a bell, before the staff had time to invite him to the projected reunion. Sam in his new existence was

(Continued on page 30)

No Days Off for This Parson

A VERSATILE sky pilot is an important factor in the success of El Paso Post, El Paso, Tex. For Frank M. Johnson, Jr., a Protestant Episcopal priest, is at once Adjutant, Finance Officer and Chaplain of the Post. When he took on his three-fold duties a year ago the Post had about 200 members. Today it has 1,084.

The Rev. Mr. Johnson has his office

in the Chamber of Commerce building and spends his week days helping Post members with their problems. Sundays he journeys to two mission stations. He holds noon services at Alamogordo, two hours ride from El Paso, and after another two-hour ride he meets his flock at Carrizozo. He starts back to El Paso at half-past two o'clock Monday morning and is at his desk to meet Legionnaires the same morning. The Post has elected him its chaplain for life. He works for the Legion with the approval of the Bishop of Arizona and Western Texas.

The Rev. Mr. Johnson has had an unusual Army and Navy career. He has been a rear rank buck private and a seaman, second class, and in each service he had gained honor and rank. He was born in Boston in 1882. He enlisted in the Regular Army at Fort Douglas, Utah, in 1904 and was discharged from Troop K, Fifteenth Cavalry, in 1907, after serving eleven months in Cuba. In 1912 he entered the ministry at St. Andrew's Church, Montpelier, Idaho, where he was ordained deacon. In 1916 he served on the Mexican border as top sergeant of Company B, Second Idaho Infantry. He was made chaplain of the regiment at Nogales, Arizona. He took charge of St. John's Church, Globe, Arizona, in January, 1917, and soon after became a Major in the Reserve Corps, commanding the Globe Home Guard. He was ordained a priest in Globe.

Because of a mistake made in his commission, afterwards rectified, and because he could get no promise of being sent overseas, he enlisted, soon after war was declared, in the Navy as seaman, second class. He served at San Pedro, California, attaining the rank of Chief Boatswain's mate.

In February, 1919, he arrived at El Paso as curate of St. Clement's Church, working mostly with the men at the Fort. Here his connection with the Legion began, and today he is known as the busiest "Holy Joe" in the Southwest.

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY



The Chaplain took his insignia with him when he moved into another uniform

Hunting New Champions

The Bright Young Man with a Punch To-day Has a Chance Never Before Presented to America's Pugilistic Hopes

By W. O. McGeehan

THE Army, Navy and Civilian Board of Boxing Control, which has undertaken to rehabilitate and regulate boxing, both professional and amateur, is combing the country for new championship material. The board is particularly on the lookout for heavyweight timber. The lack of a war record on the part of Jack Dempsey, present holder of the heavyweight title, and the fact that he is under indictment in connection with charges of draft evasion, have led the board to make the search.

Of course Dempsey will retain the title, whether or not he is freed of the charges now pending. A champion is a champion until he is knocked out or until he announces his retirement. Jack Johnson, a fugitive from justice, was the heavyweight champion of the world until he was beaten by Jess Willard at Havana.

Undoubtedly Dempsey is a formidable ringman. But somewhere in the U. S. A. the young man who is to succeed Dempsey is growing up—and it may be that he has already reached his full size.

The quest of the Army, Navy and Civilian Board recalls the frantic search for "white hopes" after Jeffries was beaten at Reno by Jack Johnson. The white hope became a joke and a by-word. Finally somebody picked up Jess Willard, a horse trainer who had never put on a boxing glove until he learned that there would be "big money" for the man who would beat Jack Johnson.

Nobody took Willard, the white hope, seriously at first. One of the shrewdest boxing promoters of New York laughed at the big fellow when he begged for a chance to fight Johnson. That promoter weeps every time he recalls that incident. Finally Willard did get his chance at Johnson and he won the title. That title brought Willard in all something like \$750,000, though he did not get a cent for the Johnson fight itself.

Jack Johnson got \$30,000. The negro is now hanging around the race track at Tia Juana, Mexico, where he is running a saloon and a crap game, a combination that suits his temperament to a T.

When Willard conquered Johnson, it was thought that he would remain invincible. The quest for a man to whip Willard started after the bout with Frank Moran. Willard was not a particularly popular champion. He did not care for the boxing game. With him it was frankly a means to big money, and he played it that way for all it was worth.

Then Dempsey bobbed up, and Dempsey got the Fourth of July match and the title. Whereupon Dempsey immediately began to cash on the title with the movies and with the vaudeville houses. Now the search is on for the man who will take the title away from Dempsey.



Gene Tunney after shedding one uniform for another

THIS man will not be Georges Carpentier, the French champion. Georges is too frail to have a chance if he did meet Dempsey. But the chances are that he never will meet Dempsey. There is no question that the Frenchman has the courage and the confidence to believe that he would have a chance, but it is my opinion that the match would not be permitted by the boxing authorities of any section of the United States.

It is evident now that American boxing fans are becoming a bit impatient with Carpentier since it has been announced that he will do no boxing this year. This fact was impressed rather cruelly upon his manager, Francois Deschamps, at a bout the other night where the name of Carpentier was hissed. American fans want to see how Georges would shape up with an American boxer. There is no demand for a Carpentier-Dempsey bout. Sport lovers only want the Frenchman to go into action with a fair American heavyweight.

The ambitious circus tour of Carpentier may end abruptly and the visitor may be forced to enter the ring. Our own champions have worked the circus and the movie stunt to death. Caruso must sing if he wants to pack them in, and Carpentier must box.

It seems to me that a bout between Carpentier and Gene Tunney, the best heavyweight of the A. E. F., would

make about as interesting a sporting event as could be arranged. It would be particularly fitting that Carpentier, the fighter-boxer of France, should meet the best of the fighter-boxers of the United States. The fight would draw a sufficiently big house to make it quite worth while to Carpentier.

WHILE the Army, Navy and Civilian Board is on the still hunt for a new heavyweight champion, it might look for possibilities in the other classes. Our champions of today in all classes are a rather poor lot. We have no flyweights worth mentioning, and Jimmy Wilde, the little Englishman, holds the title in this freak division.

Our featherweight, Johnny Kilbane, holds the title by grace of cautious matchmaking and because so few states permit decisions. Our bantams are not worth mentioning. Leonard, the lightweight champion, perhaps the cleverest of all the champions of today, is no longer a lightweight. Jack Britton, the welterweight champion, is even getting past the "veteran" stage. Johnny Wilson, the new middleweight champion, is an enigma, and he may be an ex-champion at any moment.

Consider the champions of a few years ago: Coulon, the bantam; Attell, the featherweight; Gans, the lightweight; Ketchel, the middleweight. Gans could wade through the present crop of lightweights in an evening, and Ketchel could upset the present-day bunch of middleweights without wasting more than one punch on each.

The causes are big purses, short bouts and the prohibition of decisions in most states. Modern boxing rules make stalling and faking easy for unscrupulous boxers and managers. Professional boxing has become a business instead of a sport, and a very sordid and crooked business. Misguided persons who thought that they were helping to make boxing clean by limiting the rounds and prohibiting decisions have merely made the game easy for the crooks. They have eliminated what they considered brutality, but they have made larceny and chicanery wide open. Brutality never was the besetting sin of professional boxing. Faking was.

The new boxing law in New York State will permit fifteen rounds to a decision. Some of the champions may refuse to fight in New York now, as they are used to the soft life, the six and eight round no-decision games where they can dance through the rounds and take no chances on losing their titles. But eventually other states will open up on the boxing laws, and professional boxers will have to fight as they did in the days of Gans and Ketchel. When that time comes, we shall begin to discover some champions who really are champions.

Both Sides of the Saluting Fence

A Buck Didn't Shed All His Troubles When He Hitched on a Sam Browne, Even If He Did Lose a Few Friends

By Goldybars

I HAD no business being an officer. The democratic elbow-rubbing of my buddies in the battery appealed to me altogether too well. But while I was a buck I had wanted a commission, and that is probably the reason fate at last decided to punish me with one.

Then, as if to compensate for the fact that I was no better than a multitude of my comrades, whom fate did not so punish, I made up my mind from the first that I would be as democratic an officer as possible, if not more so.

At the outset the matter of saluting, so far as I was concerned, was going to be handled much as though I were in civvies, for I well remembered my enlisted man's aversion to this humility; but after I had saluted the first lieutenants, captains, majors, and so on up, and had returned the manual greetings of sergeants, corporals and privates till my muscles ached and my hand rose intuitively whenever a passerby wiggled a finger, I began to see a joker affixed to my commission. I longed to meet someone whose appearance did not have to be hailed by cracking myself in the forehead.

It was my desire to associate intimately with the men, not because I was such a painfully democratic *garçon*, but really because I was lonesome. But it was not so to be. The captain indicated that he or the colonel would bawl me out if I were caught, because it was detrimental to the good of the service, and when I did get the nerve to take a chance or two I discovered that the enlisted men themselves were not so very hard up for buddies, after all.

One night when I was taking a stroll all by myself—yes, really—dreaming of my former bunkie and wondering if he were in the brig for being out after taps again, I ran into an M. P. He didn't try to pinch me, not right away; for this was not Paris, but after several attempts on my part to get him into conversation—including the expression of

my wish to be back in the ranks of Battery E—I honestly think he began to suspect me of being a spy, or something. At any rate, so far as carrying on a decent conversation was concerned, I might as well have tried to talk football with a French mademoiselle. I gave it up and went back to my billet to read.

Some weeks later I went on leave and chose to spend a part of my time with my old outfit, then sojourning in the S. O. S. Here, at last, was the right kind of military spirit. When I walked into the orderly room where four or five of my former buddies were seated they sprang up with a yell and piled onto me as if I were the prodigal driving in the fattest calf.

I was prouder then than at any time since I first pulled the Sam Browne over my shoulder and forgot to button the flap, and when two of the fellows came over to see me in the evening in the billet I was occupying with a visiting colonel, I kept the honored gentleman up till long after his bed-time with their entertainment. He was on leave from Washington, and I don't believe the lost sleep did him much harm.

I was content to be an officer with that outfit—but the next day I had a shock. I was sitting on my bunk writing a letter when I was aware of someone standing just outside of my open door with the air of a bond salesman waiting for the vice-president to look his way. I put my fountain pen under a corner of the blanket and looked up. The man saluted. It was an old fellow-sufferer of the days at Camp Mills.

"Come in, Marvin," I called, but instead he began a recitation in a penitent tone like an AWOL at Rue Ste. Anne.

"Lieutenant, sir," he said, "I hope you didn't think I was disrespectful last night by not saluting you when you came in, but I was so doggone glad to see you that I forgot you were an officer. After you'd gone out, one of the other fellows, who didn't know you, called me

for it. I clean forgot it, lieutenant, and I hope you won't think I did it on purpose."

I could have cried, almost. I never would have thought of bawling him out the night before, but I did then for thinking me such a prig.

However, I think the other bawling out would have had more effect. He couldn't seem to convince himself that I might be an officer and yet not think I was a member of some royal family, and all through our chat which followed he acted like the small boy in the parlor when the minister comes to call.

Whatever conceit I may have had over my position, I never could develop a fondness for bawling out men who failed to salute, but I did once or twice when the neglect was too flagrant to shun. The first man I tried it on had such a hard time hiding the smile on his face that I nearly burst into a laugh myself, and probably would have, had there not been so many people around. I restrained myself with the horror of what might happen if some of my own superior officers should chance to see.

Another time a man, evidently thinking I was a swivel chair officer who wouldn't know the difference, perhaps because I occasionally wore spurs when not on a bicycle, saluted me with a cigarette in his mouth. I sent a patient smile after him and brought him back.

"You know better than that," I said. The cigarette was snapped out. "Yes, sir, I do know better than that." All of which goes to prove that a hard boiled curse doesn't always get the quickest results.

As an enlisted man I thought the lieutenant had little or nothing to worry him. As a shavetail I was nearly distracted between trying to preserve an aloofness I didn't want with the men, on the one hand, and trying to keep my superiors from jumping on my neck for "conduct unbecoming an officer" on the other.

NOT ENOUGH

—By Wallgren



A Prussian Guardsman Re-enlists

But This Time He's Wearing O.D. Instead of
Field Gray and Learning to Sprechen Englisch

By H. H. Railey

"AND who is he?" I asked pointing to the youthful first sergeant of Company C, Recruit Educational Center, at Camp Upton, L. I., who was, at the moment, drilling his men in the manual of arms. We were strolling across the parade grounds, a wind-swept stretch of sand and pine, awaiting a review of the center troops by Major General John F. O'Ryan.

My guide, the adjutant, laughed. "Two years ago that man—Oage Christensen—was a Boche! While he is really a Dane, born in Schleswig-Holstein, he was drafted into the Ger-

man Army in 1914, and he served throughout the war as a sergeant in the Twenty-fifth Prussian Guards. He was wounded four times. Just before the Armistice he got away to Holland and in May, 1919, landed in the United States.

"One month later he enlisted in the Army. Unable to speak a word of English, he was sent here immediately. Within four months he was graduated. His men swear by him. So does his company commander. He is not only one of the best non-commissioned officers in Camp Upton, but he is one hundred percent American!"

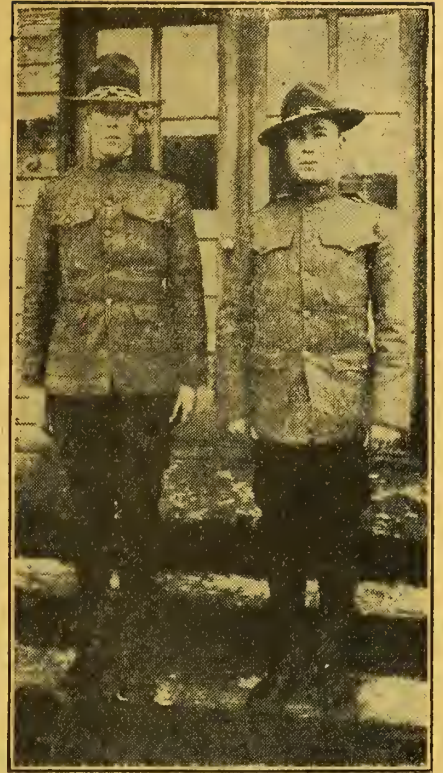
That was the first of a series of surprises I got a few days ago while studying, at close range, that remarkable missionary enterprise in Americanization which Camp Upton is fostering and the whole nation is watching.

Of the 1,500 students, only fifty percent are native born Americans and the majority of these are, or were, illiterates. Among the balance are representatives of forty-six nations, from Iceland to Argentina, and every religion from Mohammedans to Holy Rollers. Men who in Europe today would be fighting each other sleep side by side in the old barracks of the National Army.

For example, in the ex-Prussian Guardsman's company, the cook is Lucien Auguste Zanardi, made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by Marshal Foch. He received the *Medaille Militaire* from Marshal Joffre, and wears the *Croix de Guerre* with palm and stars, the British D. S. O. and the Belgian War Cross. He served throughout the war with the French Chasseurs.

Colonel Bernard Lentz, of the General Staff, originated the idea of the Recruit Educational Center. Major Louis T. Byrne is the commanding officer. The director of education, Captain Garry C. Meyers, is in immediate charge of the school. Twenty-five civilian experts, supervised by an experienced educator and psychologist, are retained as instructors. Because of the depletion in the ranks of commissioned personnel, only nine line officers are available for military instruction of the entire corps. Of the seventy-two non-commissioned officers, more than twenty were graduated from the school.

WHEN the recruit arrives at the center he is quarantined for fifteen days, instructed in practical hygiene, fitted out, drilled and taught elementary physical exercises. As soon as possible he takes a psychological test and is classified on the basis of his intelligence rating. Each batch of recruits is divided into four sections. The quarter receiving the highest mental rating constitutes the first section.



Joseph Johnson (left), of Iceland, and
Tony Rizzo, of Argentina

The recruit course is divided into six grades. When the best men of the best section are promoted, they go to the best section of the next grade, and so on.

The bright students thereby are advanced four times as rapidly as their somewhat handicapped competitors, with due opportunity given to both. Thus, for the first time in any organized school system, within the Army or outside of it, learners are classified on the basis of intelligence. The average student is graduated within four months from the date of his enlistment.

In the majority of cases the foreigner outstrips the American, for he can, as a rule, read and write two or three languages, while the American illiterate cannot even read or write his own. But it is an interesting fact that between them absolutely no friction exists.

A SHREWD and successful attempt has been made, in the construction of the course of study, to take account of human nature. There is, for instance, "a letter home in the man's own hand and composition at the end of two weeks." The man is urged to do his best, because of "the nobility of his work." He learns good habits under camouflage and becomes the teacher of those "duties and ideals which it is desired he shall get."

To illustrate the point, Captain Meyers took me into one of the advanced classrooms. Here sat men of forty-five years or more with boys of eighteen, all writing letters. "Instead of telling these men," said the captain, "that they should brush their teeth, sleep with their windows open, keep their uniforms clean and neat, and so on, we have them write letters to their chums at home, describing such duties as part of their daily life here. Thus, they are the teachers as well as the pupils, and

(Continued on page 21)



Abedudule R. Tamereze, a Turk. He has been in the United States three months and was totally ignorant of English when he enlisted

EDITORIAL

For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent. Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of the American Legion.

Who's Cashing In? or, Murder Will Out

From the editorial page of the Evening Post, New York, April 5, 1920:

What surprises and pains the country is the apparent indiscriminate rush for a grant from the Treasury. Our army was made up of the flower of American youth. It is not a case of taking care of veterans beyond their working years. The returned soldiers are nearly all young men. If they are in any way disabled, they have compensation allowances. If they are physically fit, there ought to be no difficulty in their earning a living. The overwhelming majority of them are, in fact, doing it. Many of them would resent what they would regard as a needless and pauperizing bonus. Yet the proposal is to give it to all! And Congress is to be intimidated by threats of political vengeance in case it hesitates. We talk of the moral slump since the Armistice. There is no more striking sign of it than this sudden demand for a bonus—this cashing in of duty done.

From "The Day in Wall Street" column of the Evening Post, New York, May 25, 1920:

Of much importance to Wall Street to-day were the Washington dispatches describing the progress of the soldiers' bonus bill. According to present advices it is now believed that the bill is doomed. What created cheerfulness in the Street is the report that consideration of the measure is again to be postponed and that probably a filibuster will be invoked should any attempt be made to put the measure through. This measure, if adopted with its tax-raising proposals, would, according to Wall Street opinion, have a dampening effect on stock and bond market operations, therefore, should it be defeated it is expected to have a stimulating effect on the stock market because of the elimination of the tax proposals, which fall most heavily on stock market operations.

Button Membership

SOME time ago Army stores were selling counterfeit discharge buttons. Veterans became indignant because they knew that by slipping one of these fake buttons into his lapel, any slacker could go among strangers and rank as the man he isn't.

The Government stopped the sale of the phony discharge buttons. But the Government can't alter human nature. There always will be a certain percentage of persons who have an exaggerated vanity, an aversion to responsibility and a deficient conscience—qualities which impel them to appropriate credit which they do not deserve. They are congenital four-flushers.

It was inevitable that individuals of this type should wear the insignia of The American Legion to gain a standing which they are not willing to live up to. To them the important thing is to get the button hoisted on their lapel where everybody can see it. They are the willful "button members" of The Legion, "men who have not paid their dues and do not intend to." They should not be confused with the non-willful "button members," who have not paid up simply through their own neglect or negligence of their post dues collector. The difference between the willful and non-willful button member, however, is sometimes subtle. When a man has not paid-up there is always the chance that he really is a dodger.

The Massachusetts Department is going to wipe out all the willful "button members" in its State, and at the same time bring the careless into full membership. A new State law makes it a crime for a person to wear

the emblem of the Legion or of any other veterans' organization of which he is not a member in good standing. The Massachusetts Department has ordered that only paid-up members will be allowed to wear the insignia, and that all others shall be suspended or dropped from the rolls.

An Entry on the Credit Side

THE following resolution has been passed by the Associated Federal Students of the University of California, the organization of disabled service men undergoing training at that institution:

Whereas: The Federal Board for Vocational Education has been subjected to bitter criticism in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY and elsewhere, and whereas, we believe that the public should not be left with the impression that the Federal Board for Vocational Education is everywhere inefficient and ungenerous, be it so resolved, that we, the Associated Federal Students of the University of California, in justice to the Federal Board, California District No. 12, located in San Francisco, hereby express our appreciation of the uniformly courteous, fair, and generous treatment accorded to us by the Federal Board for District No. 12, and its representatives; and be it further resolved that copies of this resolution be forwarded to THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY and the Federal Board for Vocational Education, District No. 12, and to local papers around the Bay.

Gladly does THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY print this resolution, regretting only that reports on the government treatment of the disabled from all parts of the country are not equally reassuring.

Learning from the War

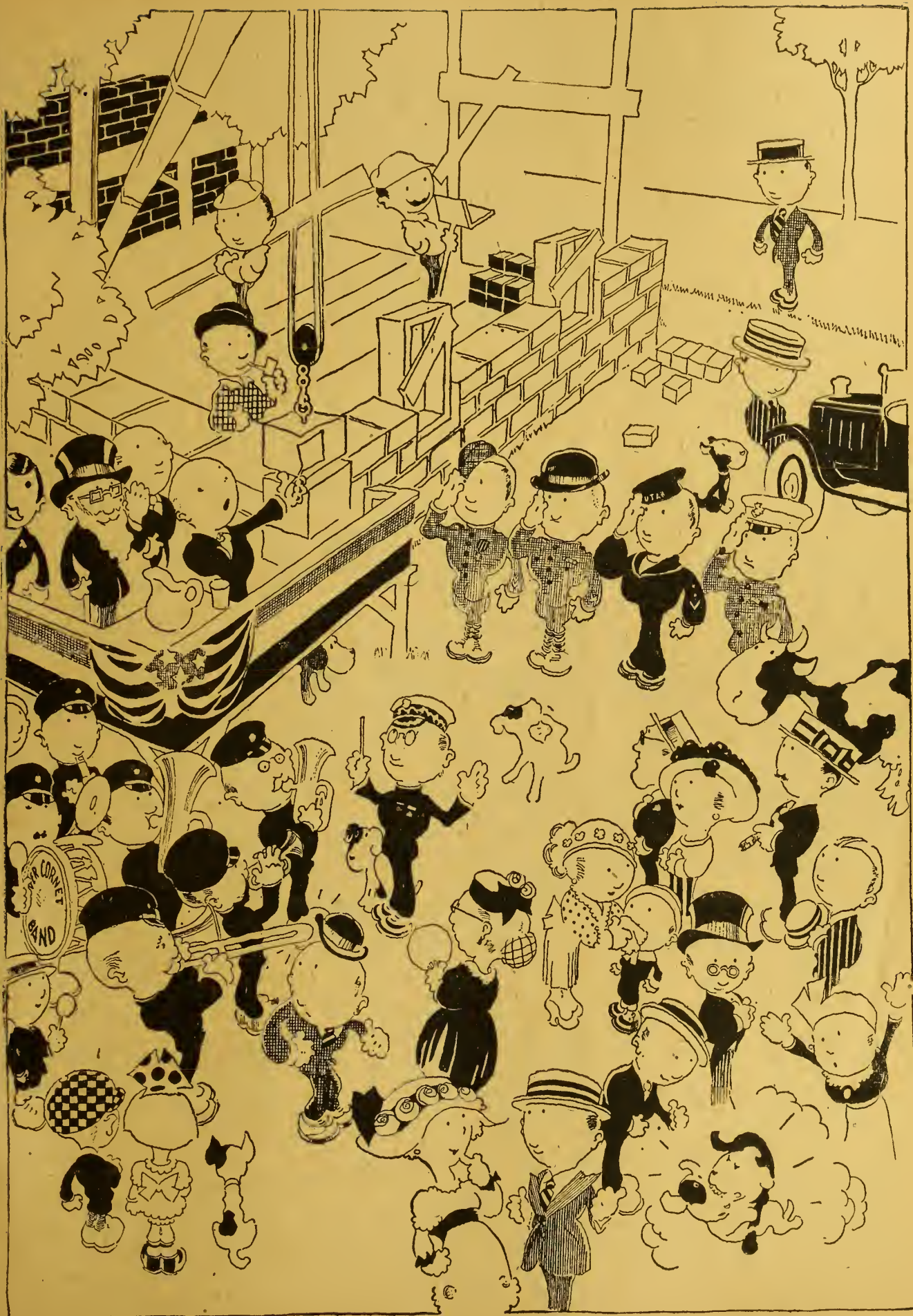
A COLONEL in the recruiting service advocates the lowering of the minimum age for enlistment to sixteen years. Some of his arguments seem well founded. No one will deny that many youths, sound of body and heart, start drifting at this age. Few will argue that the Army could not be a steadying influence in their lives and send them back into the world at nineteen with a better chance in life, providing the Army will make good all the promises it is giving these days.

From external evidences, at least, it would seem that the new Regular Army is being made safe for the enlisted man, that it will recognize that self-respect is far more important than servility, and that discipline is better based on understanding than on coercion. There are signs that the Army realizes that the natural freedom in the relations between officers and enlisted men, as exemplified by the French, is more to be desired than the system of feudalistic caste rules borrowed from the Prussians.

It would seem that the recruit of today will be more strongly imbued with the desire to become an efficient soldier if he is impressed with the honor of his call and the rewards he may gain by diligence, than he would be if the old system prevailed and his introduction to Army life consisted of the repeated reading of him of the Articles of War defining punishments, with especial stress (in lugubrious voice) on that final clause "Death or such other punishment as a court-martial may direct."

Roll 'Em Out, Soldiers

WE do not huddle to get back into misfit breeches that lace up the calf, but a feeling of sadness and longing comes over us when we reflect that we cannot be present and accounted for in any barracks the evening after the retroactive pay increase is handed out.



DRAWN BY JOHN HELD, JR.



THE WEEKLY will pay for all material suitable for Bursts and Duds. Address Editor "Bursts and Duds," 627 West 43d street, New York City

In Bad All Around

"Jiff doesn't seem to have many friends."

"The poor fellow was a bugler in the Army and now he's a tax collector."

Fond Recollection

Customer (at postoffice window): "Give me a two-cent stamp. Say, weren't you in France?"

Clerk: "Sure, I was chief mail clerk for the 111th Division."

Customer: "Never mind the stamp, after all. Guess I'll take this letter round myself."

First Indorsement

"Louis got a notice today from the War Department that he had been killed in France."

"What did he do about it?"

"Wrote back at once telling them to do nothing further until they heard definitely from him."

Free Is the Word

"Were they very free with passes in your outfit?"

"I've seen a guy make nine in a row."

Improving It

"Hey, you! Where are you going? Come back here!" barked the director of the great war film as he saw a khaki-clad figure bolting behind a tent.

Sadly the one-time buck returned within the focus of the camera.

"You've got the top sergeant coming down the company street," he explained, "and I thought you wanted to make the picture realistic."

Epitaph

Here lies in peace
Sylvester Stew.
He learned to make
His own home brew.

Self-starting

Old Pete, the sailmaker, had a terrible grouch. The gun cover on which he was working had gone wrong, he had pricked his finger, and someone had stolen his best canvas knife. Just then a young gob wandered in with an arm load of rope ends.

"Where'll I put these, sailmaker?" he inquired.

"Put 'em down, put 'em down," belted old Pete testily.

"Yes, but where'll I put 'em?"

"Great bull-rushin' Moses!" shouted Pete. "Just turn 'em loose—they'll drop themselves."

The Long Awaited

As the minister had a deserved reputation for longwindedness his congregation had dropped off little by little until on this Sunday there was only one occupant of the pews—a bachelor girl of some fifty summers. Still, the pastor was determined to deliver his sermon.

Ascending to the pulpit, he began: "Dearly beloved—"

The coy young thing jumped to her feet.

"Oh, Doctor Higgins," she cooed, "this is so sudden."

No Cause for Alarm

Traveling Man: "Some tornado that was we had around here last night. Do any damage to your new barn?"

Phlegmatic Farmer: "Dunno. Hain't found the durn thing yet."

Game Hunting

Four-year-old Minnie stood watching the cook cleaning a chicken. Finally, when the process was almost completed, she looked up and inquired:

"My goodness, what in the world are you trying to find?"

Mysteries of Science

For an hour the orator had been holding forth until his audience dwindled down to two small boys. Still, he was gratified that he still held them in his impassioned thrall. He was just working up to a grand spread eagle climax, when one turned to the other.

"What'd I tell yer, Bill?" he exclaimed. "See, it is the lower jaw that works."

A Friend in Need

"Are you a friend of the family?" inquired the polite undertaker, opening the door of the somewhat shabby house of mourning.

"I come here," replied the stranger, "to pay the deceased's life insurance."

"Come right in," returned the undertaker cordially "because you're a friend of mine, too."

Making Him Useful

Mrs. Harrigan: "An' doe yer husband iver get loaded these Volstead days?"

Mrs. Horrigan: "He doe that."

Mrs. Harrigan: "An' what do you do?"

Mrs. Horrigan: "I go right to wor-rl moppin' th' floors."

Mrs. Harrigan: "But don't ye notice him at all?"

Mrs. Horrigan: "I do that. I use him f'r th' mop."

Mistake Somewhere

Officer of the range: "Here you where are all your shots going? Every one has missed the mark."

Nervous Recruit: "I've been wondering about that myself, sir. They all seem to leave here all right."

The Ultimate Source

When, after the armistice, General Pershing started the custom of genial and buddyish inspections, mingling

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY



AWOL

A Regular Stunt

Ferguson: "I've just been reading that the aviators today can do anything a bird can do. Yes, sir, they've got the thing down so fine that there isn't a bird alive that has anything on them."

Fitzgerald: "Zatso? Well, when you see an aviator fast asleep hanging onto a branch of a tree with one foot, then I'll come and take a look."

Hurry Call

"Waiter," complained the irritable customer, "what the devil do you mean bringing me my fish before the soup order?"

The waiter leaned over confidentially. "Just between ourselves, sir," he explained, "I did it to help you. You see, the fish wouldn't have lasted five minutes longer."

th the men and clapping them on the
 oulder, he was a little green at it,
 anks to a year and more of unbending
 id terrifying surveys of his troops.
 erefore he was easily nonplused,
 id one unexpected reply he got from a
 rice-wounded soldier in the 165th In-
 ntry cramped his style for the rest of
 e day. He had put his hand, friendly
 ce, on the old warrior's shoulder and
 id kindly:
 "Sergeant, where did you get those
 ree wound stripes?"
 The soldier looked him square in the
 e and replied:
 "From the supply sergeant, sir."

Under the Wire

There were mutinous murmurs
 board a certain merchantman when
 ord spread among the crew that the
 ip would not, after all, put in at Tai-
 ti, but merely drop the mail over and
 on. Tahiti, being French soil, is a
 ttle island of liquor in mid-Pacific, and
 e thirsty men aboard had been lying
 wake nights thinking of the drinks
 at lay ahead.

The disappointment was too much for
 ie seaman, who, uttering a plaintive
 y, leaped into the sea and started to
 vim for the visible shore. The cap-
 ain, much vexed and a little envious,
 dered the best swimmer in the crew
 go after him and bring him back be-
 ore he reached land. An excited look-
 it kept all on deck posted on the prog-
 ss of the race.

"He's gaining! He's gaining! Two
 undred yards—a hundred yards—fifty
 irds. In a dozen strokes he'll have
 m. Five more strokes! A yard to
 . . . Great guns!"

"What is it? What is it?"

"Great guns, sir, he's passed him!"

Hold-up Stuff

"Now can you give me any plausible
 ason why on earth I should give you
 nickel?" asked the stern old gentle-
 an.

"Have it your own way," replied the
 nall boy, "but if I was a old geezer
 ith a new plug hat on, and a kid asked
 e for a nickel, and there was a nice
 uddy gutter handy, I wouldn't start
 argument."

Consistent to the Last

Private Queer, a hard-working and
 lling, if not a particularly bril-
 unt soldier, had a perfect record on
 e rifle range. He had never hit a
 rget. When a series of company
 mpetitions was arranged within the
 giment, the skipper, a fair man and
 yal to his command, thought the out-
 's best interests would be served by
 arrangement which would preclude
 e appearance of Private Queer on the
 ing point.

So the skipper took it up with a cor-
 ral and the corporal took it up with
 eer, the result being that Queer, of
 s own will and volition, consented to
 extra turn on k. p., which arrange-
 ent was to be effective the week of the
 g match. This might have worked
 t all very well, and the willing Queer
 ve helped L Company win the cup
 peeling potatoes had not the rules
 r the competition been changed. It
 is decreed that every man in every
 mpany should fire.

There was a hurried conference in
 NE 11, 1920

LINES AND CURVES

By JACK
 BURROUGHS

By LUCIEN
 BRETON

Home Brew

Jones used to say,
 "There's trouble
 brewing."
 When care and
 strife were up
 and doing.
 But now in Jones'
 home we find
 The brewing's of
 another kind.



Right for Once

A lady in an upper
 berth
 Once screamed for
 all that she was
 worth,
 And when the por-
 ter came, she
 said:
 "There is a man be-
 neath my bed!"



Absent Minded

A widower who wed
 again,
 An error made that
 caused him pain.
 Upon the finger of
 his bride
 His baby's teething
 ring he tried.



Halcyon Days

Old Grecian wives
 with flowing robes
 Required as mates
 no patient Jobs.
 One did not have to
 know the knack
 Of hooking wifey up
 the back.



the orderly room, and the effect was
 most deleterious to the health of Pri-
 vate Queer. On the morning of the
 match he went to the hospital. On the
 evening of the first day of the match

he was sent back to the company and a
 medical major curled the telephone
 wires in a conversation with the skip-
 per of L Company.

The skipper had just one card left.
 Presuming on the simplicity of the new
 commander of A Company, who had
 joined the regiment only a week pre-
 viously, he dumped Queer on him by
 transfer.

"Hate to do it," he explained.
 "Queer's faithful as a dog, but we've
 got to win this match. The company'll
 be broke for a year if we don't."

So Private Queer went to A Com-
 pany that night, knowing all too well
 why he was going. With A Company
 he went to the range next day. Big
 beads of sweat oozed out on his fore-
 head when his order was called to the
 firing point. He was miserable, and
 felt the complete futility of life. Never-
 theless he did his best, and perhaps un-
 der the pressure of great earnestness
 did improve on his previous marksmanship
 somewhat—but that is conjecture,
 for in the first eleven shots he did not
 touch the target.

"Private Queer, ninth shot for record
 a miss!" called out the heartless scorer.

A Company's captain was passing
 by. He exploded.

"Nine misses!" he shouted. "For
 Heaven's sake don't waste any more
 Government ammunition trying to hit
 a target. Save that last shot and see
 if you can shoot yourself."

Now, the skipper of L Company,
 knowing the sensitive Queer, hardly
 would have said anything like that,
 however strong the provocation. Queer
 saved that last shot. When his order
 moved back from the firing point, un-
 observed, he slipped away into a clump
 of willows a few yards by. There came
 therefrom a rifle report which brought
 a dozen men to their feet. The cap-
 tain's words! Queer's disappearance.
 What if—!

A dozen men, with the captain in the
 lead, dashed for the willows. Before
 they gained it, out walked Queer with
 his rifle on his shoulder. He marched
 straight to the captain.

"Sir," said he, "Private Queer, tenth
 shot for record, a miss."



Office Boy (excitedly): "Sir, Mr. Morgan, the bookkeeper, has just stepped into
 the elevator shaft!"

Busy Executive: "Did he say where he was going?"

THE VOICE of the LEGION

A Chaplain's Suggestion

To the Editor: Taken as a whole the men who were soldiers and sailors in the late war will succeed. They are the picked men of the country. In all vocations they are bound to come to the front for the simple reason that, physically and mentally, they are the best in the land and were so declared to be by many examiners.

As individuals we will make good.

But how about team work? Some of our noblest qualities come out only in team work. No doubt all of us belong to some team or other: club, lodge, church, business or government unit; and our training in shoulder to shoulder work should find some application there. All of these organizations are pervaded by a certain spirit which is peculiar to each unit. But the one spirit they all have in common is the spirit of service. Take that out and decay sets in.

The American Legion represents a most natural coming together of service men for team work. It has its own marked spirit of fellowship which differentiates it from all other organizations, but it shares with all other successful groups of men the spirit of service; doing team work for those who need more help than the individual comrade can give.

Each post will maintain interest and succeed only as it offers its members team-work service. Coming together for a good time only is the quickest way to kill a post. If the post adopts a plan of service it will flourish, business meetings will be well attended and interest will run high.

You'll have to try this out to prove the truth of it.

R. E. ZACHERT,
Chaplain, 318th Infantry.
Jacksonville, Ala.

Land in Idaho

To the Editor: Because of the many inquiries relative to vacant land or relinquishments to homestead land subject to filing made by ex-service men and others, Clegg-Sloan Post No. 28 desires to make public the following regarding the situation in Clark County, Idaho, and adjacent territory:

Most of the land in this section has been filed upon, but there still remains very good land subject to entry. This land may safely be classed in four divisions: First, grazing land and timber lands in the remote sections of the county; second, dry farm land lying along the foothills and in the higher altitudes; third, the land within the proposed Dubois Project, and fourth, land in the shallow water or sub-surface water district.

Relative to the grazing land, there are vast tracts of 640-acre entries vacant. This land is good for grazing and stock-raising purposes.

The dry farm section has produced excellent dry farm crops, and in the event of irrigation of the lower altitudes will of course acquire more moisture by precipitation of evaporation from the irrigated section.

The land under the Dubois Project has an excellent prospect of being watered within the next two, or at

Letters submitted for publication in "The Voice of the Legion" must be about subjects that are of general interest to members. Demands of space compel the editors to impose a strict limit of two hundred words on all communications, at the same time admitting a strong preference for those that are even shorter.

the most five years. The project has been found feasible by the Government, and will eventually make one of the richest sections in the state.

The shallow water or subsurface water section consists of approximately 40,000 acres which has a lake surface varying from eight to sixty feet underneath. The water is being pumped from this sub-lake successfully in small tracts, and larger developments are under way at present looking to the reclaiming of the entire tract by local wells. Electric power is adjacent to this section and accessible for pumping purposes. As alfalfa is known to send its roots down sixty feet to water and thus require no irrigation, this tract of land is certain to become a great hay-raising district.

Clegg-Sloan Post No. 28, Dubois, Idaho, stands ready to aid any ex-service man in any way possible to secure homestead land or relinquishments in this section.

R. H. BEST,
Post Commander
WILBUR A. ELLIOTT,
Post Adjutant

Dubois, Idaho

Trained Men and Others

To the Editor: What is the meaning of the public attitude of those people who assert that there is no need for military preparedness now, because we have 4,800,000 trained men? They assert that the country can rest on this foundation and make no provision for years to come for an army or for military training. For this reason Congress has refused to pass any Army reorganization bill, or to fix the status of the National Guard at this session. What does it really mean?

Do you want to be drafted again? Have not the former soldiers done their share? You buddies are not fooled by the fool talk about no more wars—with a firing line 458 miles long now on which civilization is fighting desperately to stem the tide of Bolshevism. You know very well that only the fact of your performance as soldiers saved this country; and that the peril was not caused by anything America did, any more than the peril of France and of Belgium was caused by anything done by France or Belgium. You know that commercial rivalry was at the bottom of it; that the same causes are still in operation in the world, and will again produce the same effects; and that only brave men who are willing to offer their lives on the battlefield, as you did, can prevent the insane ambitions of criminally crazy international bandits from enslaving the world when the time seems opportune to their warped intellects.

That time will come again in spite of all the pacifists in the world—or be-

cause of them—and then our country will need soldiers again as it needed them in 1917—and it will take them, too, when the time comes, as it did in 1917. Do you mean to stand by and let the pacifists get away with that old bunk?

Who are the 4,800,000 veteran soldiers? It is you, and nobody else, they are talking about. It is you, and nobody else, whom they expect to be called again, if the need arises. Is that fair to you? Have you not done your bit? How about the slackers who did not go last time? Why should they not take their turn next time? How about the new crop that is reaching military age every year? Should they not take their turn?

The men who served have done their bit. It is only fair that the other fellow do his. The buddies are marrying, and getting into business, and taking their places in every activity of public and private life. If they are to be drafted again it will cause a very much greater interruption of industrial and economic life next time than it did last time. Why should not the other fellow do his bit, as well as the ex-service man?

JOHN H. PARKER,
Lt.-Col., U. S. A.
Quentin Roosevelt Post, St. Louis, Mo.

For a Buddies' Week

To the Editor: Will you permit me to suggest through the medium of the WEEKLY a Write To Your Buddy Week? The number of us who, in our return to civilian life, have forgotten the dear friends—buddies—that we had in the service, is probably great.

Why not, therefore, renew old acquaintances through the mail and have everybody of the whole blamed former buck private and chevroned crowd pause in his enjoyment of civilian liberty and write his buddy or buddies a few lines?

LIONEL E. MINTZ
Ithaca Post No. 221,
Ithaca, N. Y.

Nationality in Jokes

To the Editor: I really enjoy the WEEKLY and look forward to its coming each week, but in the issue of May 21st I have a little fault to find.

In the Bursts and Duds page is a joke headed "A Weak Explanation," which is copied from the *Fliegende Blaetter* of Munich. Well, the joke is all right, but it is necessary for The American Legion, an organization made up of men who went to war for the sole purpose of fighting the Germans, and which stands for one hundred percent Americanism, to copy its jokes from a German paper?

JOSEPH W. TUCKER,
Post Commander.
Garfield Post No. 70, Garfield, Utah

Who Won the War?

To the Editor: Appearing in last week's issue is a letter penned by one Mr. W. L. Poole lamenting the fact that the history and deeds of the Personnel Force have not been spread far and wide.

It strikes the present writer, who had the pleasure of soldiering at Camp
THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

Sevier, that of all the outfits stationed here, the Personnel Force had the easiest life of all, and it took quite a few New York State boys to step in and fix things up there. Fortunately indeed was our Greenville friend to be sent home April 2d; in fact, he scarcely realized he was away from home, as Camp Sevier is but six miles from Greenville.

Where does he think the 89th Infantry, 90th and 48th and other outfits too numerous to mention were while the Personnel Force was enjoying life in the large city of Greenville six miles distant?

Sure, why shouldn't they belong to the Legion—but why the need of any

history? Won't their work speak for itself? So why all the shouting? There were others at Sevier besides the Personnel Force—and we were all there for one purpose.

E. F. CASEY

Albany, N. Y.

Bergdoll

To the Editor: It might well be worth the attention of The American Legion to follow to the end the crude evidence of "carelessness" exhibited in the Bergdoll escape. I have soldiered enough to know that no general prisoner is permitted to stroll about without sufficient armed guard. It is my

understanding that this yellow cur was confined at Governor's Island. Since when have general prisoners been permitted to go from Fort Jay to Philadelphia to "sign papers"?

While with the Military Police at Camp Upton I received and sent a great many prisoners from and to many camps. No general prisoner ever was far enough away from a "prison chaser" even to light a cigarette, let alone to dash into a waiting machine.

Is The American Legion going to permit such a crude affair as this to pass without going to the bottom of it? I know that it is not.

GUY A. OSBORN

Kenilworth, Ill.

WHAT *the* POSTS are DOING

Fathers, brothers and friends of Legionnaires were guests of Hershey, Pa., Post at a smoker.

K. O. Lackey and Fat Baker put on a five-round bout at a recent meeting of the Mentone, Ind., Post.

Lackawanna, N. Y., Post believes it is the finest stand of colors of any post in the country. The colors were presented to the Post by Lackawanna city council.

The Catskill Lodge of Elks was present in a body at a recent smoker of the Catskill, N. Y., Post. Honor places also were held by members of the G. A. R.

Henry K. Butner Post, Greenboro, N. C., believes it is rendering a real service to its country by assisting in a campaign for the building of hard-surface roads.

The Cuyahoga County Council of the Legion, Cleveland, O., opposes any grant of amnesty to persons now imprisoned after conviction under the espionage act.

Members of the Theodore H. Hernandez Post, Fernandina, Fla., acted as pallbearers and escort at the funeral of Elmar A. Nagel, whose body had been brought from Russia.

Adams, Mass., Post conducted a mass meeting of veterans in the state armory, at which a high official of a private insurance company explained the benefits of the Government's peace-time insurance system.

Lawndale-Crawford Post of Chicago has the exceedingly classical motto, "Rise and Shine." Frank Malek pitched a no-hit game for the Post against Brookfield Post, in the opening game of the Northern Illinois Legion Baseball League.

Texas Legionnaires virtually have reached their goal in a campaign to raise \$500,000 with which to erect a tubercular sanitarium for the care and treatment of approximately 4,000 ex-service men of that state for whom the Federal authorities were unable to provide adequately.

When Dyersville, Ia., Post gave its military ball, the dancing started with the "Fall-in Waltz," and ended with the "Mustered Out." Other dance numbers included reveille, the mess line, the fatigue, M. P., shave-tail, the waltz, corn bill, the slow drag, zig-zag, the parlez vous, inspection, C. C., the

This department is a clearing house of ideas, where accomplishments of one post may suggest possibilities for all posts. Originality is the best recommendation of an item for this department. Photographs of Legion members who have interesting records, of Legion happenings, and of Legion clubhouses are wanted. Address Editor, The Week in the Legion, 627 West 43d St., New York City.

hob nail, the monkey meat, the chow hounds, the gold brick, the guard house and taps.

Immediate raises in pay to insure that the Government will be able to retain the services of highly trained postal employees are advocated in a resolution adopted by the Woodhaven Post, New York City. Postal salaries are inadequate to meet the present high cost of living, says the resolution.

Arthur Viens Post, the Bronx, New York City, is leading a protest against the rule permitting men recruited by the Twenty-seventh National Guard Division and other divisions after the war to wear overseas divisional insignia, even though they did not serve during the war.

Axel Buseth Post, Henning, Minn., has a memorial park board to administer its Soldiers, Sailors and Marines Memorial Park of three and one-half acres. The park will contain a service men's monument, diamond, tennis courts, croquet lawns, botanical garden, skating rink and memorial high school.

The Roll of Honor

What posts have enrolled as members the largest percentage of ex-service men in their communities? Hereafter, in connection with the "What the Posts are Doing" department will be printed a Roll of Honor bearing the names of the posts with the best membership records. The Roll of Honor will be divided into three classes. Class AA will include posts which have an enrollment of 100 per cent., that is, posts whose membership embraces all former service men in their communities. Class A will embrace posts with an enrollment of between 90 and 100 per cent., and Class B, posts with an enrollment of between 80 and 90 per cent.

The Crewe, Va., post is the first to qualify for Class AA. It already has reported that it has signed up all of the former service men in its community.

How about your post? Did the national membership drive put it over? Forward its record if it is qualified for the Roll of Honor, giving the total of its membership.

Chris J. Byrne Post, Brooklyn, N. Y., has received the use of the Brooklyn home of the Knights of Columbus until it can get permanent quarters. In appreciation of this favor, the members volunteered during the recent K. of C. bazaar, to stand guard at night over the prizes.

"Draftin'," a burlesque on army life, was the leading feature of the minstrel show given by the Ralph D. Waters Post of Waukon, Ia. The souvenir program for the show was exceptionally artistic. Forty divisional insignia in colors were used in the borders of the front and back covers.

"Bring your own bones," was the advice given in the announcement of the first annual round-up of the Nels T. Wold Post, Crookston, Minn. Near-beer, ice cream and a ten-round prize fight in movies were other items on the program of the affair, which was held at the Elks' Club.

Frankford, Pa., Post kicks in with a new way of enlivening a meeting, a mock trial. This suggestion ought to lead to indictments of former mess sergeants, Q. M. C. supply sergeants, R. T. O.'s and other army gentry, who, in the opinion of the ever-suspicious doughboy, were always getting away with something.

William E. Blaisdell Post of Brooklyn, N. Y., remembered the convalescent soldiers of military hospitals in and around New York during the two weeks in which Coney Island was a Legion rendezvous. The Brooklyn Post obtained contributions to buy tickets for the men from the hospitals and took charge of their transportation and entertainment.

Albert L. Quinn Post, Jersey City, N. J., is arranging to give a Flag Day carnival and block dance. American flags will be used to decorate every house facing the street in which the dance will be held, and a large flag will be presented to the person having the best decorated house. The Post, from its experience in giving a block dance last year, recommends this outdoor entertainment to posts everywhere.

A dozen organizations participated in a parade which marked the opening of the membership drive by Perry Post of Sandusky, O. The downtown

(Continued on page 28)



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MISSING MEN

Inquiries to this department should be addressed **MISSING MEN, THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY**, 627 West 43d St., New York City. Use of these columns is restricted to relatives and friends seeking information concerning men killed, wounded or missing. Casual requests for the whereabouts of men who have returned to their homes cannot be inserted because of lack of space. Photographs cannot be printed.

AULBACH, J. A., Cd.—Anyone who knows the present address of this man is asked to send it to the Rev. William C. Keane, 12 Madison place, Albany, N. Y., formerly chaplain of 325th Inf. Aulbach served in Co. G, 325th Inf., and was taken prisoner in the Marbach sector.

DALY, FRED, was discharged Oct. 9, 1918, from Co. C, S. A. T. C., Indianapolis, Ind. Information regarding his whereabouts is wanted by his mother, Mrs. William Daly, 1228 S. Cherry St., Janesville, Wis.

JELINEK, CHARLES, a discharged seaman, left his work at the Astor Hotel, New York City, while the Red Cross was trying to get transportation to Plainville, Kans., for him. Anyone who has seen him is asked to notify the American Red Cross, After Care Dept., 353 Fourth Ave., New York City, or Joseph B. Jelinek, Plainville, Kans.

KARNS, RUSSELL, was last heard from in Chicago four months ago. His sister, Blanche Karns, wants him to write to her at General Delivery, Colorado Springs, Colo.

KNIPPER, JOHN H., was reported discharged at Camp McClellan, Ala., on Nov. 22, 1918, but nothing has been heard from him since that time. He enlisted at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., on Aug. 20, 1918, and served in the 157th D. B., 10th Tr. Bn., 37th Co. Information is requested by the man's brother, Joseph F. Knipper, 362 Stanhope St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

LEEDS, HARRY B.—Relatives of this man, who was killed in the second battle of the Marne while serving with Co. L, 109th Inf., are asked to write to F. B. Weslawski, 75 Cottage St., Chelsea, Mass., who has some information for them.

MASON, B. F., JR., Cpl., has not been heard from since he wrote to his mother from Guthrie Centre, Iowa, that he would be home for Christmas, 1918. Mason formerly served with the 83rd Co., 6th Marines. Information is sought by his mother, Mrs. Lola Mason, McRae, Ga.

MILHAM, KENNETH, died while with the 219th Engineers at Camp Humphreys, Va. Anyone knowing particulars is asked to write Mrs. William Milham, Elmendorf St., Kingston, N. Y.

NASH, CHRISTOPHER N., was last heard from on Aug. 15, 1918. He is known to have been discharged from the Army for physical disability on Aug. 25, 1918. His mother, Mrs. John Nash, 300 Main St., Bennington, Vt., wants information regarding his whereabouts.

REESY, GEORGE—Whereabouts of this man are sought for his relatives through Arthur P. Hoos, 930 Madison St., Oakland, Calif. Reesy formerly was in the medical corps at Goat Island, Calif.

SAYLOR, ED—Relatives are asked to write to James Mack, Box 357, College Station, Pullman, Wash., who was corporal of Saylor's squad overseas and has a picture of him. Saylor was killed on Sept. 29 or Oct. 1, 1918.

WALLACE, JOHN KINGSBURY—Captain Robert Lord, Seaman Robert Robbins and any other seamen who served on board the Shur, the Orca, the Kangaroo or the Commodore are requested to write to Wallace's mother, Mrs. John Wallace, 62 St. Lawrence St., Portland, Me. Wallace died after he left the service, and his mother needs information from his shipmates to substantiate certain claims.

WEST, CHARLES LEROY, was discharged from the Hdq. Detachment, Pontanezen Casual Depot, in France, on Aug. 10, 1919. He said he intended to enlist in the Red Cross service or in a foreign army. Red Cross headquarters at Paris has no record of this soldier on its rolls, so his father believes he may have enlisted in the Polish army. His mother has not heard from him since Oct. 6, 1919. Information about him is wanted by his father, Harry C. West, Chillicothe, O.

1ST PIONEER INF., Co. M.—Foster C. Smith died of pneumonia in hospital on Nov. 4, 1918. Information about his death and burial is sought by his mother, Mrs. W. R. Smith, Stanford, Ky.

1ST CO. LEAVENWORTH SEPT. REFL. DRAFT, SIGNAL CORPS.—Pvt. William P. Ryan died at St. Nazaire on Oct. 9, 1918, soon after disembarking. His father, Batt Ryan, Kimball, S. Dak., would like to hear from anyone who can give particulars of his illness and death.

2d M. G. BN., Co. B.—Pvt. Ed T. Ratcliff was killed in action near Soissons on July 18, 1918. Particulars are requested by his mother, Mrs. Alvessie Ratcliff, Kingman, Ind.

9TH INF., Co. E.—Pvt. Abram Beddow was reported killed in action, missing in action and

wounded in action, degree undetermined, all or July 18, 1918. Definite facts about his fate are wanted by his cousin, Miss Sarah Myer, 107 Liberty St., Boonton, N. J.

11TH F. A.—Lieut. Bradley V. Sargent, Jr., was killed in the Argonne on Oct. 20, 1918. His parents want information regarding his death and any other particulars. Write Judge B. V. Sargent, Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Calif., or Capt. G. D. de Balaine, Mill Valley, Calif.

18TH INF., Co. I.—Pvt. Clayton M. Dickensor was wounded Oct. 5, 1918, probably before Exermonth. He died on Oct. 12 at field or base hospital No. 48. Information about the nature of this man's wounds, his death and burial is wanted by John C. Sharon, Cadiz, Ohio.

28TH INF., Co. I.—Pvt. Odin F. Olson was reported killed in action on Oct. 1, 1918. He formerly served with Co. H, 128th Inf. Buddie who knew of this man's death are asked to write to his sister, Gena Olson, Pekin, N. Dak.

28TH INF., Co. M.—Frank R. Matthews of this outfit was killed in action. Former buddies are requested to communicate with his mother Mrs. Dollie Collie Matthews, 630 Zane St., Zanesville, Ohio.

30TH INF., SUPPLY CO.—Wagoner James Frank Helsley was reported dead of bronchial pneumonia on Oct. 27, 1917. Later telegram said he died on Nov. 4, 1918, of wounds received in action. His parents want this discrepancy cleared up and seek information about his death and burial. Address E. Helsley, Box 80, Route 7, Grafton, W. Va.

38TH INF., Co. B.—Pvt. Thomas R. Cottingham was killed in action on July 19, 1918. His mother wants to hear from his buddies. Write Mrs. T. T. Cottingham, Box 308, Dillon, S. C.

38TH INF., Co. K.—Cpl. Edward Albert Bel was killed in action on July 22, 1918. Buddie who knew him before or when he enlisted in San Francisco, Calif., on Feb. 9, 1918, are asked to write to his sister, Mrs. Jessie Grundy, 22 North Terrace, Schenectady, N. Y., as she must establish facts about his enlistment before she can claim his insurance. Information about Bell's death also is wanted by Mrs. Grundy.

49TH INF., Co. L.—Pvt. Andrew C. Walke died of pneumonia at Brest on Nov. 15, 1918. He formerly was in Co. K, 122d Inf. Information regarding his illness and death is desired by his sister, Miss Margaret Walker, 52 Pond de Leon Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

56TH INF., Co. F.—Pvt. Hugh Reilly died at Tremblecourt. Particulars are wanted by his brother, J. Reilly, 6017 Orange Ave., West Philadelphia, Pa.

58TH INF., Co. D.—Sgt. Ennis R. Patton was reported killed in action on Oct. 7, 1918. Any one knowing details of his death is asked to write to his father, Leander Patton, Campbellburg, Ind.

102ND INF., M. G. Co.—Cpl. William Neuman was reported dead on Oct. 23, 1918, from wounds received in action. Details are wanted by his mother, Mrs. Pauline Neuman, R. F. D. Stillwater, Saratoga Co., N. Y.

102D INF., Co. D.—Pvt. Harry J. Skuro was reported killed in action near Marcheville on Sept. 26, 1918. Anyone knowing details of his death is asked to write to his mother through John W. Bready, 6825 Perry Ave., Chicago, Ill.

107TH INF., Co. L.—Pvt. Arthur Clayton was killed in action at the Hindenburg Line on Sept. 29, 1918. He was buried near Guillemont Farm, Bony, Aisne. Information concerning his death is wanted by his brother, J. G. Kearson, 319 Drexel Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

109TH INF., Co. L.—Pvt. Charles L. Ayer was killed in action on July 15, 1918. War Department has no record of burial. Anyone who can give details of his death or information regarding the action of his company on that date mentioned is requested to write to Leon M. Ayers, Mannington, W. Va.

126TH INF., Co. C.—Pvt. Arthur F. Patterson was wounded in the Meuse-Argonne fighting on Oct. 2, 1918. Adjutant of Field Hospital No. 1st Div., reported his death. His parents would like to hear from anyone who knew him. Write to Ralph Karns, 1253 Wyandotte Road Columbus, Ohio.

158TH AERO SQUADRON.—Pvt. Walter J. Martin died on July 19, 1918, and was buried at sea. Information regarding his illness and death is desired by his brother, Raymond J. Martin, 530 Wilson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

A PRUSSIAN GUARDSMAN RE-ENLISTS

(Continued from page 13)

ey take immense pride in their work."

For one month after he has been assigned to a company, the recruit is not permitted to do any work that will interfere with his studies. During that time he is made to feel that the methods of the school are secondary, that he will to learn is first. The whole theme, basically, is the psychology of comradeship interwoven with the psychology of suggestion.

The public speaking class is an excellent illustration. It is composed, for the most part, of men who were not only discouraged themselves, but who were knockers of the school and the army. I stood for half an hour while students who could neither read nor write got up in all earnestness, and I, in developing an imaginary two-minute speech for recruiting duty, how, when they joined the Army, they could neither read nor write, but how, now, they could write their own letters to their parents and read all such letters they received without help from their instructors. It was as artistic and sincere a sample of lying as I have ever heard.

A few weeks before, the morale of these men had ebbed to the danger point. Unable to keep up with their classmates, making little or no progress, they had become disgruntled. So they were re-classified, and by other means, well as the means just described, revitalized. Their enthusiasm became more contagious.

American illiterates, after having been in the school for a few weeks, uniformly report that their teachers in civil life told them they could never learn. In the Recruit Educational Center the instructor considers it the largest part of his work to convince the recruit that he can.

One hears everywhere, nowadays, the term Americanization, which often is taken to mean only the education of the foreign element in America. But the Army school at Camp Upton has demonstrated that Americanization refers quite as well to the illiterate man as to the strictly American blood. The purpose of the Recruit Educational Center is not so much that it will train a few thousand illiterates to read and write, but rather that it will use these men as missionaries to infuse among the hitherto illiterate of the home communities the wish to learn at least to read and write, and the impulse to provide decent educational opportunities for coming generations.

Aside from disseminating a broader mastery of English, a wider familiarity with the ideals and traditions of America, the Army hopes to eliminate bohemism and hyphenated Americanism, to reach each student who enters its schools with a more genuine and effective feeling of devotion for the land of his new freedom. And the joy he feels in it is pathetic but wonderful to behold.

Nasty Man

"I put an ad in the paper asking for a wife."

"Any answers?"

"Any? The first day I got four hundred, and two from men asking me to take theirs."

JUNE 11, 1920



The laborer is worthy of his hire

All service is worthy of its hire and good service cannot be continuously obtained unless adequately rewarded.

From the beginning of telephone history the American public has received the best telephone service of any country in the world. In proportion to the service rendered the people have paid less for this telephone service than any other country in the world.

The reason why the American people have received the highest type of telephone service at the least proportionate cost is because the Bell System has been operated on a scientifically economic

basis. Every device which inventive skill, engineering ability, labor and time saving talent has been able to create; every efficiency known to buying, operation, executive control and financial conduct has been employed.

Public service companies feel the high cost of living as well as individuals. Pay them enough to make possible their giving good service. There is no permanent saving in poorly paid service.

In this land of opportunity none of us is willing to jeopardize his success or happiness by stinting the payment necessary to secure the most helpful and efficient service.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

PAGE 21

Your Friend Girard

Good cheer
in every
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Never
gets
on
your
nerves

GIRARD

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Auto and Tractor Mechanic
Earn \$100 to \$400 a Month

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of practical training by which 5,000 soldiers were trained for U. S. Government and over 20,000 expert mechanics. Learn in a few weeks; no previous experience necessary.

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PAGE 22



Courtesy Field and Stream.

Old clothes are strictly de rigueur in the best tenting circles

HOW ABOUT A POST CAMP THIS SUMMER?

By BERT LEE

THE other day I met an enthusiastic outdoorsman who, like a big percentage of the men who were in the service, had learned to love the outdoors and understood that, under entirely different conditions from military rule and fighting the Boche, a lot of pleasure was to be had in playing out under the blue sky.

He had just come from a town of about five thousand inhabitants, in which the Legion post had taken up a permanent summer camp for its members. His enthusiasm ran riot over the proposition and the way the members were taking hold of it as a cheap way to have a real, outdoor, health-gaining vacation.

"Why, man!" he said. "Think of the possibilities! Think of the vacation you can pull off; think of the week-ends you can put in at a minimum cost, never undecided where to go, always certain of a place over Sundays—a place where you can loaf, swim or fish and do as you please!"

Carried off by his enthusiasm, I was quick to see the possibilities in the plan he outlined. Substantially it was this:

Legion Posts can rent for the season a little wooded slope on the shore of a lake—it need not necessarily be a lake; a river will do just as well, as long as the usual water sports, swimming, canoeing, fishing, boating and so forth, can be indulged in. It would also be wise to have a spring of good water near the camp for drinking and cooking purposes. There must be a slope for drainage in case it rains and, if possible, a southwestern exposure, as the prevailing winds in the summer are from the southwest. The location should be accessible, as transportation to and from such a place will mean a good deal towards its popularity.

There are two plans by which posts might be able to manage these perma-

nent camps through the season. First, they might take over, build and maintain the camp. They could rent out tents, equipment and sell meals exactly on the plan of a club, renting the camp for a period of two weeks or so, to a certain group of members. Families could be accommodated if desired, and could pay the post a fixed price.

The second plan is for the post to rent spaces of ground to members for individual tents. The restaurant could be taken care of at so much a meal, which is the scheme the Camp Fire Club of America uses on its annual outings. Each man is requested to tell in advance how many meals he wants.

In regard to the sanitation, which is decidedly important, a latrine should be built well back away from any water and well dosed with fresh earth and chlorate of lime daily. All the refuse of the camp should be burned or buried well away from the camp, and everything should be kept just as clean as possible, so that no flies will be attracted.

Coming to the camp itself, it is advisable to build a permanent main house. The size will depend entirely on the number of members who intend to use the camp. The house would be used for the storage of tents, bedding and so forth when the camp is not in use, and also should contain a good-sized range or a large oil stove, where, in an emergency or in case of storm, all the cooking could be done. The house should always be kept well locked when the camp is unoccupied.

The dining place should be made of rough tables and benches over which a fly can be stretched when in use, to provide against sun or rain, or a permanent shed without sides extending from the main permanent house.

The individual houses or tents can
THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

be anything that the post thinks it can afford. The members can have their individual tents, which will be private, and so considered by their fellow members. A comfortable and cheap way is to build a floor and sides of boards exactly the size of the tent, which can be erected over this foundation on a permanent frame. If a wall tent is used, it is not necessary to have the sides so high. If a simple "A" tent is used, one can go higher with the sides to get head room. Some good portable houses also are on the market for those who are interested in them.

Members can make their own tents from various designs which are easily procurable, and they can waterproof them with a paraffine solution. The following method has been found satisfactory: In a tin container place one gallon of gasolene and one pound and a half of paraffine. Put the vessel in the sun or other warm place (*never near a flame*) and, the paraffine dissolved, the solution is spread upon the stretched cloth with a brush or a sponge. The gasolene evaporates, leaving a thin coating of paraffine in the cloth.

Cots are much the best for sleeping, and permanent ones can be made, if one chooses. Unless the camp is used in cold weather, sleeping bags are not needed. Two woolen blankets are usually quite sufficient up to October in our temperate climate. For a pillow, a heavy knitted woolen sweater evenly folded is about as good as anything.

IT is necessary to remind everybody who goes out into the open that it rains and sometimes rains hard—and there is no place that is wetter than the woods when it does rain. So make sure that you have absolutely waterproof over-garments. A ditch should be dug around each tent, banked on the inside and with an outlet at the lowest corner, to carry the water off in case of a hard thunder shower, when the water rushes wildly down the slope. Provision for rain should be made immediately. Woe betide the camp that is not properly arranged for a heavy deluge.

Cooking needs, of course, depend entirely upon the number of persons to be fed at each meal. A permanent camp should have coffee pots and kettles large enough so that the cook isn't continually worried about the contents boiling dry or boiling over. When one doesn't have to tote his camp equipment every day from place to place, it isn't necessary to be so conservative in regard to weight and size. The best sort of pots and pans for a camp of this kind are those made of steel. Aluminum is not so practical, as it burns too easily, and also, as soon as the polish comes off, things are inclined to stick to it.

There will always be one or two men among a number who belong to a post who are wideawake and thorough outdoor folk, and the minute this idea is brought to their notice, they will be enthusiastic and have a number of practical suggestions to make which will be worth while noting. These men will take care of situations that the novice will find almost appalling. But after he has been steered right and finds out the comfort and pleasure to be had from this sort of thing, he, also, will join the army of men who love the great outdoors.

JUNE 11, 1920



What shall I make it of?

Not Iron or Steel—It must be strong, but it must not rust. Iron or steel would rust.

Not Copper—It must not corrode, yet it must have the strength of steel. Copper is not strong enough.

Not Lead—It must be immune to chemical action, but it also must stand up under grinding wear. Lead is soft and easily destroyed by friction.

Not Porcelain—It must hold a bright finish and be easily cleaned, but it must be unbreakable.

Not Bronze—It must be strong and resist corrosion, but it must also resist the erosive attacks of superheated steam and retain its strength at high temperatures. Bronze will not do this. MONEL Metal will, and will also resist the corroding action of alkalies, salt water and most acids.

Make it of MONEL METAL—because this balanced natural alloy combines the best physical properties of other metals without their limitations. MONEL is as strong as steel, more corrosion-resisting than copper, more wear-resisting than bronze.

Products exposed to Rust—MONEL Metal never rusts—Window Screen is practically everlasting; Marine Equipment is unaffected by salt water; Automobile Fittings always stay bright.

Power Plant Equipment—MONEL Metal withstands the cutting wear of superheated steam—Valve Trim, Turbine Blading, etc., stand up and give more efficient service.

Chemical Apparatus—MONEL Metal defeats the attacks of alkalies and most acids, and so is generally employed for parts of Bleaching and Scouring Machinery, Dyehouse and in like Industrial Chemical Equipment.

Parts subjected to High Heat—MONEL Metal retains its strength under high heat and resists oxidation; flame-exposed parts in Oxy-acetylene Torches, Pyrometers, Spark Plugs, etc., last longer.

MONEL Metal has also proved superior for special parts of mining, refrigerating, oil and gas machinery; for dairy equipment, kitchen fittings, table cutlery, surgical instruments, golf club heads, chain, etc. No other available metal or alloy possesses such a wide range of usefulness.

The name MONEL is given to a line of metal products produced by The International Nickel Company from a natural nickel alloy. 67% nickel, 28% copper and 5% other metals. These products include MONEL blocks, MONEL rods, MONEL castings, MONEL wire, MONEL strip stock, MONEL sheets, etc., MONEL products bear the *Inco* trademark of The International Nickel Company, widely known as the sole producers of *Inco* Nickel—the standard nickel for alloy steels.

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THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY

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For more than forty years Boston Garter has been a friend to men the world over. It not only keeps the old but makes new ones each year. Most men ask for Boston Garter as a matter of course—the two words go so well together.

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Antwerp 1920 Belgium

In track and field sports Spalding implements are pre-eminent. From the running shoe for Olympic winners to the missiles of weight throwers. Spalding goods are always in evidence when championships are won or records made.

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FACTORY TO RIDER prices save you money. We make our bicycles in our own **new model factory** and sell direct to you. We put real quality in them and our bicycles must satisfy you.

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Many parents advance the first payment and energetic boys by odd jobs—paper routes, delivery for stores, etc., make the **bicycle earn money** to meet the small monthly payments.

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METAL ARTS CO., Dept. 26, Rochester, N. Y.

THE GREATEST UNION ON EARTH

Reprinted from LIFE

(The little story that follows is neither fable, fiction, nor parable. Because it is fact culled from the day's work, it seems worth the telling. Better still, it is but a thin cross-section of what is happening daily throughout America wherever the Legion has furled its battle-flags. And we need something of optimism in this day of strikes and rumors of strikes, violence and threats of violence, and a promise that out of it all is coming that "nobler and better America" that lighted our way with its hopes in the darker days that have passed. It is only necessary to add that the real names have been disguised.)

O'BRIEN, the head of a family of six, waived exemption because he believed others knew better than he where he would most be needed when the call came. He landed in class 1-A, and went—without beefing or asking why. He was wounded three times and gassed, and after nine months in the hospitals was discharged, the doctors advising outdoor work to stave off incipient tuberculosis.

In a canvass for new members, an American Legion worker called at his home. Neighbors who were caring for five children said that the mother was doing day work, and that O'Brien was starting his third week in search of any kind of a job he could hold down.

Stein, the American Legion Post Employment Officer, corralled him that night, and for five solid days, forgetting his own business and the drive for new recruits, trudged with him the streets of the city of brotherly love. Everywhere it was the same answer, "Too light for the job," softened, perhaps, with a smile or an "I wish we could, my boy."

Strangely, he was not too light for the job "Over There" he'd helped finish, although when he came to the post no tinge of bitterness or of rancor stamped his speech or manner. There remained only that last-ditch, "Let's go" spirit that for nearly a month had driven one hundred and thirty pounds from door to door in search of work. They sent him to Mason, a member of the Legion and captain of the guards of one of Philadelphia's oldest industries, and Mason put him on the pay roll—without asking why.

That is all, except that Stein, who neglected his business, was a Jew, Mason was a Protestant, and the man they "saw through" was a Catholic without a membership card in the Legion.

WAR RISK INSURANCE DEAD LINE IS NEAR

THE dead line is rapidly approaching for many men formerly in service in the matter of renewing their war risk insurance. The law states that renewals must be made by July 1 of this year except in cases where the man has not yet been discharged eighteen months. Figure it out and if your last chance comes on June 30, consider seriously whether you want to drop this valuable investment.

The Legion has thoroughly investigated governmental insurance and strongly recommends it in its present form. It is the cheapest and best money can buy. Through war risk officers in every state, the Legion has been urging former service men to reinstate their policies.

Evidently this effort has borne fruit, since thirty percent have now renewed, whereas only ten percent had done so by January 1. But the other seventy percent still are putting off the day of renewal.

"In years to come service men generally will be quick to thank the Legion for pleading with them to renew their war risk policies," says Grover Sexton, chief of the field force of the insurance bureau at Washington.

The Legion believes so, too, and again urges you to act. Fill out the blank printed herewith and mail it with money order for amount due to Treasury Department, Bureau of War Risk Insurance, Insurance Division, Washington, D. C. Better do it right now, while you are thinking about it.

APPLICATION FOR REINSTATEMENT OF WAR RISK YEARLY RENEWABLE TERM INSURANCE

Certificate No..... Date....., 19...

My full name is.....
 (First name.) (Middle name.) (Last name.)

I HEREBY APPLY for the reinstatement of \$..... insurance granted to me under the provisions of the War Risk Insurance Act, now lapsed or canceled for nonpayment of premium, and I do hereby certify that I am now, to the best of my knowledge and belief, in as good health as I was at the date of my discharge or at the expiration of the grace period, whichever is the later date.

Witness
 (Signature of applicant.)

Address of witness..... Address of applicant.....

Rank and organization of applicant at date of application for this insurance:..... Last month for which premium was paid.....

Amount term insurance premium inclosed..... \$.....

Amount converted insurance premium inclosed (if any)..... \$.....

.....
 (Rank.) (Organization.)

Date discharged..... TOTAL..... \$.....

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

A WAR LIBRARY FOR THE LEGION

HAS the story of your outfit been told? If it has not, then the history of the war is incomplete by just that much.

Through the medium of the WEEKLY, The American Legion plans to assemble as complete a library as possible covering the field of American activity in the World War. Official reports, exhaustive treatises, tactical and strategic studies, monographs covering diplomatic phases and economic consequences, copies of momentous documents and statements of policy—all these will find a place in the collection. But of equal if not greater concern to the Legion are the stories of what the units of its own gang did.

Already scores of small histories (many of them, in fact, not aimed at being anything so pretentious as histories) have been published—accounts of the war as seen through the eyes of one company, one battery, one squad-

CONGRESS

An Unbiased Survey of the Outcome of Legislation Affecting the Ex-Service Man in the Recently Ended Session

By J. W. RIXEY SMITH

Washington Correspondent of
THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY
will appear in an early issue.

MORE Sport Articles by W. O.
McGeehan.

MORE Cartoons by Wallgren.

ron. Some of these have sought to be nothing more than souvenir booklets, enlivened by vivid passages from surreptitiously-kept diaries and on-the-spot photographs snapped through smuggled cameras. But each of them has been a definite contribution to the story of the war.

The Legion War Library will not scorn the voluminous treatise on "American Campaigns in France" when it appears. But "American Campaigns in France" will be reasonably easy to get hold of. It will be printed by a nationally-known publisher. It will be available in every bookstore and in every public library. Not so "With Company K from Camp Grant to the Argonne," written by Corporal Twochevrons and set up by the local job plant. Yet the Corporal's story probably will be the more entertaining of the two. If someone in your outfit has published your outfit's story, see that a copy of it is sent to the Legion War Library.

Every book received for inclusion in the Legion War Library will be noted on its arrival, and thereafter will in most cases be further discussed in a brief review.

It is intended ultimately to assemble the Legion War Library in a room of its own, preferably at National Headquarters. Such a room might well be instituted as a memorial, and it is quite possible that both the library and the memorial idea would so develop that eventually the library might be housed in a building of its own.

JUNE 11, 1920



How well it pays

To beautify the teeth

All statements approved by high dental authorities

Millions of people are cleaning teeth in a new way. They are getting new results—results you envy, maybe. In every circle nowadays you see pearly teeth.

Find out how folks get them. Try this method for ten days and see what your own teeth show.

They combat film

Dental science has found a way to combat film on teeth. And film causes most tooth troubles.

Film is that viscous coat—you feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

It is this film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

A ten-day test will show

Pepsodent proves itself. The results are clear and quick. So the policy is to send a 10-Day Tube to everyone who asks, and a book explaining all its unique effects.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed barred. But science has discovered a harmless activating

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Why old ways fail

The ordinary dentifrice cannot dissolve film, so brushing has left much of it intact. Thus millions of people have found that brushed teeth discolor and decay.

Now, after years of searching, science has found a way to combat film. Able authorities have amply proved its efficiency. To-day leading dentists all over America are urging its daily use.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a tooth paste made to meet every modern requirement. It has brought to millions a new era in teeth cleaning.

method, so active pepsin can be every day applied.

Compare the results with old methods and let your teeth decide.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

You will be amazed. In ten days you will know the way to whiter, safer teeth. Cut out the coupon, else you may forget.

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REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

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Only one tube to a family

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Manufacturing batteries for every purpose where power supplied by a storage battery is a factor of importance.

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21 Perfect Jewels
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The Standard Railroad Watch that is GUARANTEED TO LAST A LIFETIME AND GIVE SATISFACTORY SERVICE. SAVE ONE-THIRD TO ONE-HALF OF YOUR MONEY by purchasing one of these famous "Santa Fe Special" Watches at our Rock Bottom price. MOST LIBERAL OFFER EVER MADE.

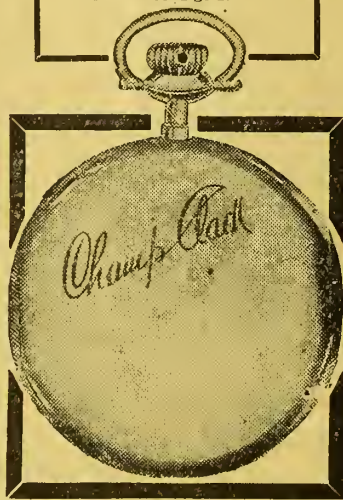
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THE SONGS OF WAR

When those bells go ting-a-ling-a-ling
We'll all join round
And, oh, how we will sing:
There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight.

If you are old enough to remember the Spanish-American war you remember "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" as the popular song of that period. More than likely it recalls that historic space of time with even more vividness than does the battle of Manila Bay or the charging of San Juan Hill.

With few exceptions, all of America's wars have handed down to posterity stirring music of the time. The war with Germany probably is the most noted exception. No really popular song or music was developed during the war which was destined to enjoy latter day fame.

"A Hot Time in the Old Town" had nothing to do with the Spanish-American war. It was a song in vogue and being whistled from one end of the country to the other when the war broke out. The army bands naturally took it up and it became the marching air for the military and endured long beyond the war.

A few "popular" songs became more or less popular during the last war, but they died with the armistice. "Over There" and "Keep the Home Fires Burning" attained considerable rank, especially on this side of the ocean.

The American Civil War was productive of many stirring songs and hymns which are familiarly sung today—"John Brown's Body," "Marching Through Georgia," and "Battle Hymn of the Republic," while on the Southern side "Dixie" received a new significance and an added reverence.

"Tipperary" comes near to paraling "A Hot Time." It was a music hall hit at the height of its popularity when Kitchener's hundred thousand Tommies were crossing the Channel and winning the Mons medal. The Britishers whistled it all the way to Antwerp and back to the Somme. Adopted vociferously in America, it served finely for British propaganda when Britain needed it most. By the time America entered the war it had been placed in the discard.

Probably the greatest tune that has come out of the war is the stirring French marching song "Madelon." This song, about a bar-maid, who while serving soldiers, tells them that she can't see the use of falling in love with just one soldier when she can "love a regiment," was sung first a couple of years before the war, but was revived when France mobilized, and became popular with all the Allies.

But what will the bands play in 1940 when the long-whiskered veterans march up Main street to attend the annual Great War convention?

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

ARE YOU AN OIL-CAN?

JUST now the magazines are coming out with a lot of trick lists of questions. The highbrows call them Psychological Self Analysis Intelligence Examinations, but the lads who only wash down to the collar line refer to them as the Dumb-bell Handicap. In other words, if you cannot answer the questions in a certain definite time—say forty-five minutes or a couple of days for each one—you are a certified oil can. If you can answer them in that time, you probably are, just the same. Either way, it doesn't prove any particular point, but it helps to kill time now that Jerry's Joint is closed, and it takes the strain off the ouija board.

So here is a flock of the same dope, collected by the master minds who edit this li'l weekly. If you can answer the questions before General March takes his next trick at stable police you will be awarded a pair of Indian clubs to beat out your brains with for having wasted time on anything so foolish. If you can't see the light, you win a half-peck of birdseed to feed to the cuckoo clock in idle moments. Shoot:

HISTORY

1. Why did Columbus discover America?
2. Why didn't somebody else do it instead?
3. What was George Washington's first name?
4. Why do they refer to the Cincinnati Reds as the baseball champions?
5. Who won the war?

SCIENCE

1. What percentage of alcohol is there in one-half of one per cent. beer?
2. Which hand does a left-handed pitcher pitch with?
3. What is the best way to cook fried eggs?
4. How old will you be when you are forty-five?
5. How many dollars are there in \$10?

GEOGRAPHY

1. In what state is Dubuque, Ia.?
2. In which general direction is South America?
3. What celebrated river starts with the letters M-I-S-S-I-S-S-I-P-P-I?
4. In what languages do the following words occur most frequently? "Qui," "Ja," "Yes."
5. Where will you be when the next war starts?

POLITICS

1. What position in the Government is held by President Wilson?
2. Who is sporting editor of the *Congressional Record*?
3. What is lower than a buck private?
4. Do you approve of prohibition?
5. Why not?

NATURE

1. What kind of shredded linoleum do the French smoke in cigarettes?
2. What are the fifty principal ingredients of hamburger steak?
3. Do you like to sleep on cobblestones?
4. All right, what did you do it for then?
5. Are cooties active or passive verbs?

ECONOMICS

1. Have you a little nickel in your home?
2. What is the price of a seventy-five-dollar suit?
3. What was the last time you had any money?
4. When do we eat?
5. Why are you wasting your life reading junk like this?

JUNE 11, 1920



Rifle Shooting now supported by U. S. Government

Now that the Government is back of rifle shooting, everyone can shoot. And, moreover, everyone *should* shoot because it is splendid training for mind, eye and body and is wonderful sport besides.

Army Ranges Open

All Government Rifle Ranges are thrown open to the public this year. Rifles are furnished for all shooters, ammunition is provided *free* and instruction is furnished if desired. Anyone can shoot the course to qualify for Marksman, Sharpshooter and Expert Marksman Medals.

Free rifles and ammunition

Rifle Clubs organized under rules of the National Rifle Association are being formed in every city. You can form one too merely by interesting nine of your friends. Then you will get regulation rifles and ammunition issued to you *free* with instructions regarding the building of a range of your own. Your club can then compete in the State and National Championships and receive a two weeks' free course at Camp Perry, if you qualify.

Write us for information as to the range nearest you and regulations of the N. R. A. covering the forming of a Rifle Club.

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Why?—Because it contains all the facts and figures that everybody, at times, wants to know but nobody can always remember. No guess work, but a soldier's notebook kept during twenty months in dugouts, billets, hospitals and camps; verified and enlarged by records and reports from the War Department, "Stars and Stripes," etc.; with maps, plans, diagrams, and chart in full color showing the 85 A. E. F. insignia.

By WILLIS ROWLAND SKILLMAN, \$2.00
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PUBLISHERS PHILADELPHIA

The American Legion

Automobile Radiator Decoration

Manufactured and Distributed only by National
Headquarters of The American Legion



Emblem Patented December 9, 1919
Copyrighted 1919 The American Legion

Actual size about 5 inches in diameter. Made in full emblem colors—Gold, Bronze and Blue.
Equipped with wire lugs for fastening to front of radiator.

Sold only to members of The American Legion or for their use. All orders must be signed by an authorized officer of Local Post or must contain statement that writer is a member of The American Legion.

Price.....\$3.00 Each
War Tax 5%......15

Total Price.....\$3.15 Each

All Orders Should be Accompanied by Remittance

The American Legion

Automobile Radiator Cap Decoration

Manufactured and Distributed Only by National
Headquarters of The American Legion



Emblem Patented December 9, 1919
Copyright 1919 The American Legion

Actual size about two and one-half inches in diameter. Made in full emblem colors—Gold, Bronze and Blue.
Equipped with bolt and nut for fastening to radiator cap.

Price.....\$2.60 Each
War Tax 5%......13

Total Price.....\$2.73 Each

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The American Legion

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PAGE 28

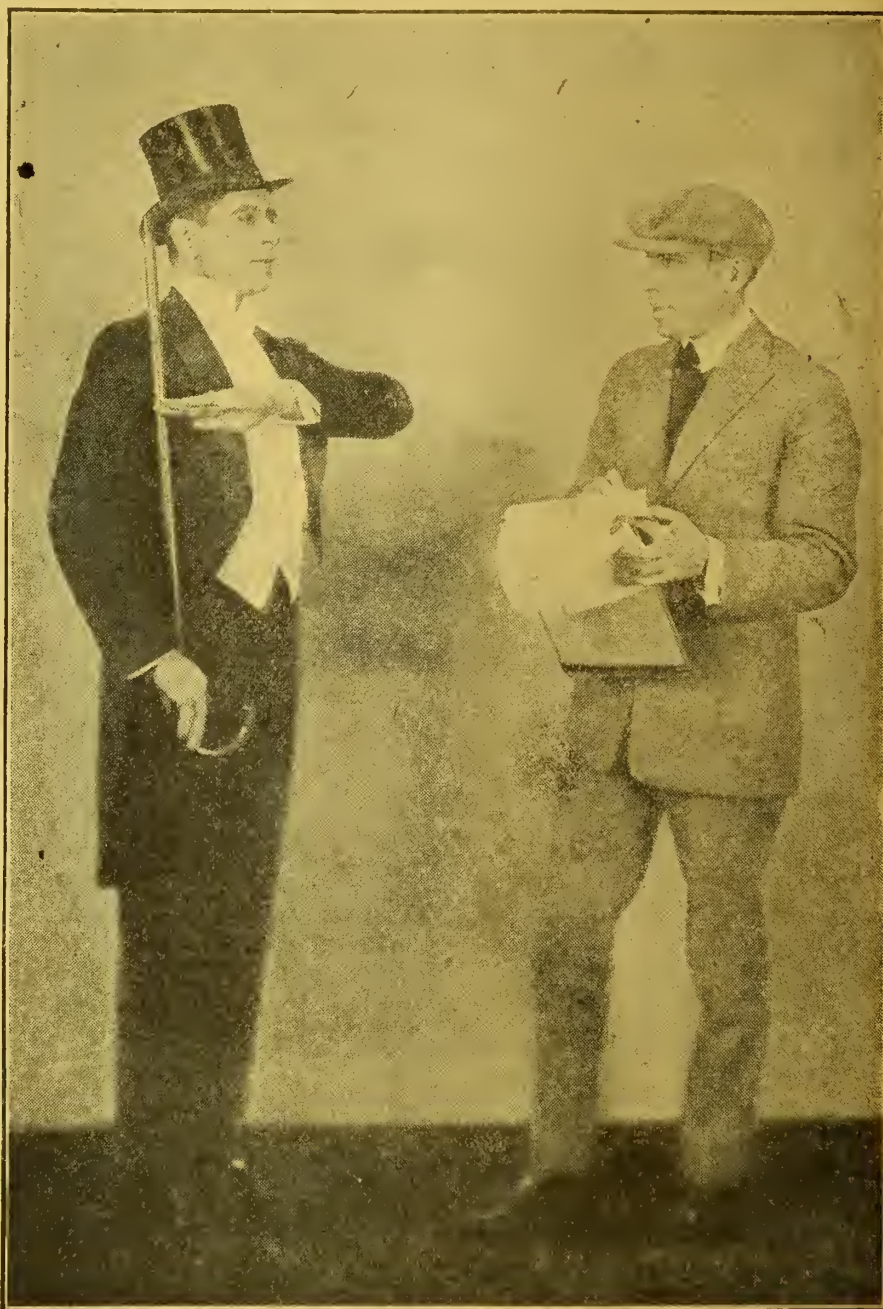
WHAT THE POSTS ARE DOING

(Continued from page 19)

section was decorated with flags. The parade was filmed, and the pictures now being shown throughout the country give a good idea of Sandusky enthusiasm. During the membership drive Perry Post took over two motion

dred persons, who will file claims on the land, form their own company, make provisions for water supply and build the homes, all on a community basis, the cost to be pro rata to each individual holder.

HE'S GOT HIS MAJOR WORKING FOR HIM NOW



Robert Warwick, screen actor and formerly a major in France, hops to attention when ex-Sergeant Joseph Henabery, motion picture director, gives the command, "Camera!" for a film scene. The major is opposed to the idea of wearing oak leaves on evening clothes

picture theaters for a day. Tickets were sold by the members, assisted by all the school children of the city.

Frank Luke, Jr., Post, Phoenix, Ariz., will not wait on politicians to provide land grants for veterans, if Congress fails to pass a bill that will enable former soldiers to get farms. The post will select a tract of land and petition the Government to make an allowance for settlement to about two hun-

Robert McKnight, of Chicago, Ill., has suggested that The American Legion grant free life memberships to all disabled former service men. It is understood that the question is under discussion by many Posts, some of which already are carrying as paid-up members without charge disabled men taking vocational training and those in hospitals. No life memberships have been provided, however, because such

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

membership is contrary to the Legion's constitution. Opponents to the free membership plan argue that it is the Legion's purpose to place the disabled ex-service man on a par financially with the uninjured, thus removing the occasion for gratuities, which might prove objectionable to the disabled men.

National Headquarters has suggested that Posts which have complaints to enter against the Public Health Service forward full details to their Department Headquarters. Proper subjects for investigation are the conduct and

An Idea for a Post Show

Legion posts seeking a new form of entertainment may follow the example of officers of the 369th Infantry, who recently presented in New York City, a stereopticon and motion picture show depicting the regiment's history, "From Harlem to the Rhine." A lecture was given with the pictures. In addition to Signal Corps photographs and motion pictures there were thrown on the screen many photographs which individuals had collected. Stereopticon slides of newspaper and magazine clippings also supplied historical data. By collecting the best war photographs of their members to make lantern slides and by borrowing or buying Signal Corps motion picture film, posts should be able to give their own historical shows.

efficiency of officers of the Public Health Service, the medical and surgical treatment provided in any of the stations or hospitals and the food, housing or living conditions at any of the stations or hospitals. Local Posts, however, are asked to investigate fully all complaints.

Springfield, O., seems to have a record for getting new members for the Legion. The Springfield Post held a four-day campaign, organizing the city by ward and precinct teams. Solicitors worked in pairs, backed applicants into corners and took their cash, usually without protest. A corps of "expert salesmen" went after the laggards. Business houses, newspapers and motion picture theaters gave friendly co-operation. When the dust settled after the four days it was found that the Post had increased its membership from 150 to 1,700.

Public libraries as memorials for those who served in the great war are proposed in bills sponsored by the Department of Virginia and introduced in the Virginia Legislature. The bills would give the board of supervisors of any county or the council of any city or town power to levy an annual tax of not to exceed two mills for the erection and maintenance of a memorial library. State aid for maintenance of the libraries would be provided according to population and the amounts of local appropriations. A supplementary bill provides that the state erect a \$2,000,000 Memorial Library in Richmond if the city gives the site.



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IT is seldom now that you can buy high-quality articles at moderate prices. White Owl, however, is one of the exceptions to the rule. It is a cigar high in value but low in price.

More than that, the mellow fragrance of White Owl never varies. Its fine aroma comes from the character of its tobacco, carefully selected and cured by experts, who know the true meaning of "ripe, mellow tobacco."

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This \$12 Officer Shoe

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32x3 1/2...	7.00	2.00	36x4 1/2.....	11.50	3.40
31x4.....	8.00	2.25	36x5.....	12.50	3.50
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No. 1. Solid gold mounting. Eight-claw design flat mounting. Wide band. Almost guaranteed genuine Tifinite Gem. Almost a carat.

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In sending, send strip of paper fitting around second joint of finger. Pay only \$4.50 upon arrival, then pay only \$3.00 per month until the price \$16.50 is paid for either one. Otherwise return the ring within ten days and we will refund any payment made. This offer is limited. Send while it holds good.

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Logan, Iowa.

NEVER TOUCH A DUD

(Continued from page 10)

making up for the time he had lost in the old.

HIS first trip after he left the office of the *Record* was to a cigar manufacturing concern. Next he visited the sales manager of a candy company. And on his way home he called upon a few cigar merchants.

"I've got a new idea for you," he informed the first of his prospects with an air of confidence.

There was something about the nervous energy of Sam that made the merchant listen.

"I figure that you get only about half the business that you could get out of your customers if you went at it in the right way. . . . Have you ever thought about why a man doesn't like to go into a candy store?"

The merchant hadn't.

"It's because candy shops were made for women and run for women," declared Sam emphatically. "It isn't because men don't like candy. I know what I'm talking about. I just got out of the Army."

"This country's going dry pretty soon and men who have lived on booze are going to be out of luck unless they find something to take its place. They're all going to be looking for sugar pretty soon. . . . Lots of it."

"Now here's the proposition. The best people to handle this new business are those who have been dealing with men. That's where you come in. I'm ready to put in a line of Eureka chocolates in a small show case here and guarantee that the first week's sales will prove what I'm telling you."

THE next day saw young Mr. Latzky well established in his new business. But he reported at two o'clock for his work in the *Record's* sporting department and checked box scores diligently until night. As he left the office he stopped at the city editor's desk long enough to explain the details of his venture.

The city editor, old enough in the newspaper business and blase enough to have withstood any shock or surprise without betraying emotion, let his jaw drop as he listened.

"Lord, man," he ejaculated. "That's a real game. Why don't you stay with it and let this sport stuff go hang? There's your big opportunity."

Sam grinned, then shifted nervously from one foot to the other.

"I can't stand it," he said. "Not enough action. I have to have variety or I'll go crazy. I'm going out tonight and find something else to do between five o'clock and ten each night."

"I think I'll find some good night school and learn accounting and chemistry," Mr. Latzky went on. "That ought to give me some change in the work and I can keep going on the one I like best."

That was four months ago, but Sam Latzky has not ceased to be the talk of the *Record* office. In a fund of suddenly released nervous energy that has never showed signs of abating, Sam has developed a Midas touch.

Some of the men who had known Sam during the days of his ability to go to sleep on his feet took up the question with a noted neurologist.

"HIS wounds, or the nervous reactions of the battle conditions that caused them, were responsible for his nervousness," the physician explained. "That condition is common among men who have been released from the service. They can't sit still. They find it difficult to concentrate their attention on any one thing for any length of time."

"In this case the young man, when he found that he couldn't stick at one job long enough to make it pay, turned his mind to putting a number of irons in the fire and keeping track of them all. Despite all that may be said about specialization and the effect of singleness of purpose, this case speaks for itself. By refusing to let any one endeavor overtax him he has kept alive his interest in all of them and has found his mind constantly on the alert."

Sam meantime is working on other plans, including a cafeteria and a magazine stand.

"I can't stand still," he said one day in comment on his widely varied activities. "So I keep moving."

Though Sam might not know it, there's a lot of sound philosophy in that statement. The old Sam was a failure because he could stand still. The resurrected Sam has made an asset out of a liability.

It is not fair to refer to his resurrection. Even in his most torpid moments he could not have been dead—only asleep.

STRETCHING THE RIFLE ISSUE

NATIONAL Headquarters, in a bulletin recently issued, recommends that no post draw rifles under the provisions of the Rogers Act where there is available a unit of the National Guard, the Regular Army or the Marine Corps, from which details, escorts or firing squads can always be obtained for ceremonial purposes. It has been ascertained that the supply of the obsolete U. S. Magazine Rifle, caliber .30, Model 1898, commonly called the "Krag," which may be issued for ceremonial purposes, ten to a post, under the Rogers Act, is sufficient to furnish rifles for approximately two-thirds of all the posts in the country.

The provisions of the Rogers Act are considered inadequate, but at a conference of Department Adjutants at Indianapolis recently, it was decided to refer the question of rifle distribution to the National Executive Com-

mittee before amendments to the law should be sought.

The new bulletin on rifle distribution emphasizes the rule that posts must act entirely through their department headquarters. Each department headquarters will ascertain the number of posts within its jurisdiction which wish to requisition rifles. Each department will have to furnish a bond to the Chief of Ordnance for all rifles obtained and give guarantees for their proper maintenance.

It is expected that in each Department and post one official will be charged with the duty of caring and accounting for the rifles. Blank ammunition will be sold by the Government at cost price, and orders, accompanied by certified check or money order, must be sent by post commanders through the department adjutants to the Chief of Ordnance.

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American Legion Automobile Decorations	28	MEDICINAL		Michigan College of Mines.	20
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V Hornblower & Weeks	2	The Manley-Johnson Corp.	29	SMOKERS' NEEDS	
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Regrets avail nothing when the harm is done.

Many an accident might have been avoided and many a life saved if drivers of automobiles had only exercised ordinary, everyday precaution and had listened to the warnings which for years have been sounded through the magazines and daily newspapers, viz.—“Always put on Weed Tire Chains when the roads and pavements are wet and slippery.”


It's all very well to say, “I'm sorry—I didn't mean to do it.”

Regrets don't mend broken limbs or bring back the lives that have been taken. The innocent victims have suffered through no fault of their own while the careless motorist escapes with a reprimand, the payment of Doctor's bills and the expense of having his car repaired.

Is there no way to make such fellows realize their responsibility and have *more regard for the rights of others?*

Skidding accidents would never occur if every motorist exercised care in driving and put on Weed Tire Chains whenever roads and pavements were wet and slippery or covered with mud and slime.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Incorporated

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In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario
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In the interest of humanity—in the interest of safe and sane motoring Put on your Weed Tire Chains “at the first drop of rain,” and insist that others do the same.

